This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

6000528120

THE OLD COALPIT.

Page 80

THE OLD COALPIT;

OR,

ADVENTURES OF RICHARD BOOTHBY IN SEAL OF HIS OWN WAY.

A STORY FOR BOYS

By F. J. MAY,

[illegible]

Instable as [illegible], thou [illegible] excel.

LONDON:

[illegible] PARKER [illegible]

[illegible]

249. t. 222.

THE OLD COALPIT;

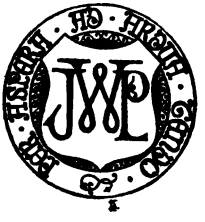
OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF RICHARD BOOTHBY IN SEARCH OF HIS OWN WAY.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

By E. J. MAY,
AUTHOR OF 'LOUIS' SCHOOL DAYS,' 'DASHWOOD PRIORY,' ETC.

Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.'



LONDON:
JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND.
1860.

249. c. 222.

[*The Author reserves the right of Translation.*]

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA
DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA

THE OLD COALPIT.

CHAPTER I.

THE Old Coalpit was not what might be imagined. There was nothing dark, black, or treacherous about it at the time of which my story treats. In other words, it was a little hamlet, situated in a prettily undulating coal district, nearly three miles from a large and populous sea-port town. The memory of man could not tell why it was called the Old Coalpit; but it was generally supposed that it stood on the site, or somewhere in the vicinity of the site of an old exhausted coalpit. Some suggested the idea that the hamlet was so named from the pit-like nature of its situation. But this opinion did not obtain much credit, though the undulations of the country formed where it was built a kind of green basin, lined with trees, so sheltered and concealed, that you were close upon it before you were aware that any houses were near. There were not more than thirty

houses in the hamlet, inclusive of five or six ruined cottages, which had been tenanted by colliers—in one of which, it was said, a murder had been committed. Small, however, as the hamlet was, it possessed its little church, meeting-house, public-house, and general shop; at which last place a rough board, and equally rough box, informed the public that the Post-Office was held. There were several hamlets of similar dimensions scattered over the country, at intervals of a mile or two apart; but the Old Coalpit had the pre-eminence in its church, its gentility, and its antiquity. Just climbing half way up the slope that leads you in or out of one side of the hamlet, stood an old grey mansion, part of which boasted of age hardly under five hundred years; one tower, a large low room, and a magnificent doorway, were still in good preservation, and were the admiration of all lovers of Gothic architecture. Of the remainder of the old Priory, as it was called, there stood but a wall or two, with windows of different periods, which again had been built into the modern brick walls of half the thickness, and formed a respectable and large farm-house, round which were scattered fields, corn and hay-stacks, and barns. With the exception of ɔr Jones', there was only one house in the

Coalpit which made any claims to gentility, and this was not very far from Priory Farm, and went by the name of the Cloister; or, as the country people would persist in calling it, 'The Closeter,' and as we shall have more to do with the Cloister than with the Priory Farm, I must be allowed a little licence in my description of it. Fancy, then, a long, low, rambling house built of rough grey stone, surrounded on three sides by trees. An archway as antique as that belonging to the Priory formed the doorway; on one side of which stretched the building, with thick-framed, small-paned sash windows, and on the other a beautiful mullioned window with stained glass, and some commoner casements divided by mullions. The upper floor of the house boasted of the same irregularity as the lower in its means of admitting light. In some places, a single casement opened out among the thick ivy, in others a clumsy sash, or again the small mullioned window, and above all rose one of the fine steep roofs which of themselves give an air of beauty to so many buildings of the older style of architecture. Moss and stonecrops clustered in spots on the time-worn slates, and clematis, ivy, jessamines, and China roses nearly covered the walls. There was a large old-fashioned fruit garden behind, a pretty well-

kept flower-garden in front; and on one side was a paddock, with a stable, a pig-sty and fowl-house; but these last were not patent to the eye of any one entering by the garden-gate, and were kept out of sight with all the sense of gentility suitable to the propriety of so respectable a dwelling. The house-door opened into a wide passage, on each side of which were parlours—one the common sitting, school, and playroom of the family; the other a beautiful room of thirty feet long, which formed a sort of drawing-room to the house, and went by the name of the 'oak parlour.' The walls of this room were panelled in dark oak, the inner moulding of each panel being richly carved. There was also a richly-carved fire-place, from the mantel-piece of which up to the ceiling of the room, the well shaped fruits, flowers, and game in dark oak, stood out in strong relief—as sharp as when they had first left the artist's hand. In two or three of the panels were old paintings of some value; and it was evident from the excellent state of preservation of both woodwork and paintings that this room had been much valued by the possessors of the Cloister. The large mullioned window, with two casements, belonged to this room, which was suitably furnished with some antique and a little rather modern fur-

niture—a small Turkey carpet lay in the centre of the highly-polished floor, and heavy crimson curtains adorned the windows; a small organ, with a dark old-fashioned case, belonged also to this room, which was the only one in the house in which much expense had, apparently, been incurred. There was another room adjoining the oak parlour, with doors opening into a long rambling corridor at the back, which was used as a surgery by Mr. Boothby, the present inmate of the Cloister. But I dare say my readers are tired of description by this time, and will gladly dispense with any further enlargement on the wide front and the narrow back staircase, the various bedrooms, large and small, and the rambling passages and dark closets which abounded in the birthplace of my hero and his brothers and sisters. Richard Boothby was the eldest son and second child of the gentleman who lived in the Cloister. His eldest sister was about fourteen years of age, and Richard was a year younger at the time of which I write. He had two brothers younger than himself, of the ages of nine and five years, and a little sister of eight; and a lady, who was governess to the Misses Boothby and the little boys also, lived at the Cloister. Richard was the only one of the party who

went to school; the nearest school being nearly three miles from the Old Coalpit, it was not easy to send the young children, and our hero himself remained in the town to dine every day, unless there was a half-holiday. A careless, thoughtless fellow was Richard; good-natured and generous, and generally a favourite at home as well as with his schoolfellows, who did not feel, with his only surviving parent and his masters, the inconvenience arising from his faults—headlong, daring, and rather self-willed, fond of foolish freaks, Richard often was applauded for actions among his schoolfellows, which were in themselves only reprehensible, and often brought him into serious trouble; but as the design of our story is to relate his adventures, I shall not say more of my hero's character.

'Ah, cieux! you mechant—Reechard!—Deeque, you notty boy,' exclaimed Pauline, the old French nurse of the family, as with his eldest sister she stood watching him off to school one wet morning. 'Miss Henriette, did you see? All de books down! Deeque! you do want an ombrella—a parapluie, mon enfant.'

Richard was picking up his books at the garden gate, where he had just let them fall: he shouted in reply—

'All right—never fear! No ombrellas for

me, ma chère Pauline. Bother take the books!' he exclaimed, running back to the house. 'Henrietta—Pauline, *have* you seen my strap? I cannot carry all these things without it.'

'Ah, oui; I have it in my drawer,' said Pauline. 'Did I not tell you just now you ought to want it?'

'I wonder what you would do without Pauline to take care of your things, Dick,' said his sister, during Pauline's absence, while Richard fidgetted restlessly up and down the passage.

'I should do without my things, I suppose, somehow.'

'You are a grateful spirit,' said his sister.

'I'm not so ungrateful as I seem perhaps,' replied Richard. 'She's a good old soul. I shall have to run for it; those children keep one so long at their butter-scotch making. Ah! here she is. That's right, Pauline; there's a kiss for you, old woman, for taking care of my strap.'

'Did you remember the guard this morning, Richard?' said his sister.

'To be sure, madam. Good-bye—no umbrella, thank you, Pauline—surely a fellow may do very well with a Macintosh, and a waterproof hat,' he replied, as he rushed a second time out of the house, with his books, flung by the strap, over his shoulder.

Page 80

249. t. 222.

THE OLD COALPIT;

OR,

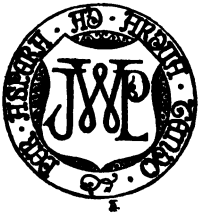
THE ADVENTURES OF RICHARD BOOTHBY IN SEARCH OF HIS OWN WAY.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

By E. J. MAY,

AUTHOR OF 'LOUIS' SCHOOL DAYS,' 'DASHWOOD PRIORY,' ETC.

Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.'



LONDON:
JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND.
1860.

249. c. 222.

dates while under his power; but the foolish and headstrong, among whom, we are sorry to say, was our friend Richard, were constantly in hot water with him, and through him with Dr. Babbage, the head-master. Mr. Finch was a good teacher, and though Richard was in the third class, he was occasionally called upon to submit to lessons on geography and history from his enemy, during which time, as well as when writing in the large schoolroom, he contrived to cause him as much annoyance as was possible, without actually bringing himself into trouble with the heads of the school, and sometimes his foolish resistance to the delegated powers carried him to the point where Mr. Finch had the triumph of a legitimate ground of complaint. Richard paid no attention to the master's first speech; but turning his back deliberately to him, put one of his feet up in front of the fire, while he gathered his books from the top of the stove, where he had dropped them on Parker's warning.

'What are you doing here, sir? The bell is about to ring. Go into school.'

Richard made no answer, but began to whistle very calmly.

'Did you hear me, sir?' repeated Mr. Finch, angrily.

Richard turned his head round with a look of feigned surprise.

'Did you speak? Oh, it's you, Mr. Finch.'

'It's like your impertinence, sir, to behave in this manner.'

'What manner?' said Richard. 'Did you say anything just now, Mr. Finch?'

'I told you, sir, that the bell was about to ring, and desired you to go into the schoolroom.'

'Oh no, sir, the bell hasn't rung yet,' said Richard, turning round again. 'I shall go in, you may be sure, when it does.'

'I told you to go in AT ONCE!' roared Mr. Finch. 'What do you mean by this insolence? I'll report you, as sure as your name's Boothby.'

'What! for not being able to hear you, Mr. Finch? That would be rather hard. If you would speak a little more plainly, perhaps I should hear better.'

Mr. Finch seized his arm, and now thoroughly enraged, endeavoured to force him into the schoolroom; but Richard twisted himself suddenly round, and out of his grasp, and stood at a little distance, laughing quietly, not perceiving that he had let one of his books fall just in front of the master, who lost no time in possessing himself of it.

'How did your books get in such a state as this, sir?'

'Not a very strange thing in a very heavy rain, I fancy,' said Richard, defiantly. 'But now I am ready; I am going into the schoolroom; and, if you please, I must have that book.'

So saying, he snatched the book out of Mr. Finch's hand suddenly, as he passed, and ran into the schoolroom, to relate to his friend, John Parker, the history of his encounter with 'The Old Crocodile;' and both agreed, with true schoolboy elegance of sentiment, that 'it was like his cheek,' to interfere with their class. 'It's just like him, making mischief wherever he can.'

'Only it's a great pity Boothby can't hold his tongue a little,' said another boy. 'Dr. Babbage always upholds the masters.'

'It isn't easy to submit to tyranny,' said Richard. 'Britons were not made for it.'

'It is like a wasp; if you can keep still it won't sting,' said the other. 'Take it whence it comes; it is but a donkey's kick after all.'

'Hang it, though!' exclaimed Richard, suddenly, 'if the villain hasn't managed to get one of my books after all. The miscreant: I'll pay him out, the sneak. There he is; sure enough

he's got it, but he'll not keep it long, or I'm mistaken.'

'Don't be a fool, Dick,' said Parker, trying to hold him in; but the warning was useless. In a few seconds Richard was at high words with Mr. Finch, insisting on his book, and struggling with him for it. It ended in his being laid flat on the ground, while Mr. Finch walked off triumphantly with the contested volume. Richard was up again, and burst into a storm of still fiercer invective, though he was held in by one of his friends from following the petty tyrant.

'Now, Boothby, I'll have no more of this; you'll please to stand up on the form in front of me till Doctor Babbage comes in.' He came back to the boy as he spoke, and on his resistance, endeavoured to force him to obey his commands. By this time Granville had reached his *protégé*. 'Richard, do as you are bid at once. It will be a far more dignified course of action. Why do you struggle against a force which you know is too strong for you? Stand upon the form; it wont hurt you. You know these contests always send the weakest to the wall.'

Mr. Finch turned round and met an unmistakeable look of contempt from Granville; but the bell ringing at the moment, the classes separated into their places, and Mr. Finch remained

where he was, with his grasp still on Richard's arm.

'Dick,' whispered Parker, 'what a fool you are; you are in for it now.'

Somewhat calmed by the recollection of the near approach of the head-master, Boothby stood still. A side door presently was flung open to admit Dr. Babbage, and as he entered, the other master came in from another door, while a few boys rushed in at the principal entrance. There was a profound silence as Dr. Babbage took his place for morning prayers. He was a gentlemanly man, commanding in appearance, from the strength and intellect of his grave countenance. His kind and judicious rule was as productive of good to the school as his great scholarship.

He looked calmly round the room, and his brow contracted a little as his eye rested on Richard and Mr. Finch. He quietly said—

'Mr. Finch, will you kindly look after that end of the room?' and Richard knew that all was noticed.

There was a slight expression of triumph on the assistant-master's face; on Richard's a mixture of shame and defiance. He coloured crimson as the Doctor's eye fell upon him, and by the time prayers were over he felt thoroughly

vexed with himself for his folly, and fully prepared for all that followed.

He passively obeyed the Doctor's command to stand for a quarter of an hour on the form.

'I will hear the rest of your complaint by and bye if necessary, Mr. Finch.'

'Any compunction Richard might feel during the presence of Dr. Babbage, vanished entirely directly his back was turned; and he amused his quarter of an hour, with the assistance of his schoolfellows, in tipping up the form, and startling Mr. Finch's class with sudden bumps and noisy overthrows. But this being at length stopped by the unanimous determination of two other masters in the room, he managed to keep steady for the last five minutes.

At length the penance was ended, and the culprit at liberty to join his class, which was engaged in writing at a little distance from him. As he jumped from the form, he stepped on a little dirty red pocket-handkerchief, which he was at first about to kick aside, when his evil genius tempted him to another piece of folly.

'Whose pretty red rag is that?' said a boy near him.

'I'm sure I don't know,' said Richard, 'unless it's the 'Crocodile's.' It's very like a crocodile's

handkerchief. Perhaps it will be respectful to see if it's his. I'll take it to him.'

'You daren't,' said the boy, laughing.

'Daren't?' replied Richard. 'Why should I not dare to do a bit of civility?'

'Silence, there!' shouted Mr. Alcock, the third master. 'What are you doing there, Boothby? To your place, if you please. Why are you not in your place?'

'If you please, sir,' said Richard, 'I was only picking up Mr. Finch's handkerchief—he's dropped it here.'

'Take it to Mr. Finch, and have done with it then,' said Mr. Alcock, impatiently.

Richard held the little rag by a corner as he spoke, up above his own head, as if in confirmation of his word, and there was a general titter all over the school; even Mr. Alcock bit his lips, and was obliged to bite them so hard, that he could not speak to stop the silly boy from further folly and insolence. Richard walked up to Mr. Finch, who was teaching a class nearly in front of him, and laid the handkerchief on his desk, saying in a gruff tone,

'Mr. Finch, here's your pocket-handkerchief; I picked it up just now.'

The titter almost burst into a roar, and Richard's eye glittered with delight as he

glared into the master's face steadily for two seconds. He had had his revenge, and Mr. Finch knew it, though he was too much taken by surprise to make any remark till Richard reached his own class. The assistant-master flung the handkerchief among the boys in front of him, saying in a low, deep tone—

'Whose rag is that? what do you leave your handkerchiefs about for?' and apparently took no further notice of the affair.

Our hero and his friends made themselves very merry with this praiseworthy exploit, and finally forgot the matter in the business of the morning.

The weather, as Granville had said, cleared before the school was over, and rejoicing in the prospect of a fine half holiday, the boys were putting on their outer garments, with the usual accompaniments of noise of various kinds, when Granville came into the vestibule, and called for Boothby.

'Boothby—Boothby—Dick Boothby, you're wanted.'

Richard was not anxious to hear, and tried to escape by the door, without answering the summons; but the second master, who happened to be passing out, and saw him, stopped him, and sent him back to Granville.

'That's one,' said Granville; 'now I want some one else. Where's the boy to whom that handkerchief belonged? I suppose you boys know what I mean?'

There was a cry among the boys, 'Keep your own counsel; it's some of Finch's dirty tricks. Ask the Crocodile, Granville?'

'You can't tell me, then?'

'Never heard it was owned,' cried one.

'The boy is not here, then?' cried Granville, again.

There was no answer; and in another moment the vestibule was clear, and all the boys were out of doors, except Granville and Richard.

'What do you want with me?' asked Richard.

'Dr. Babbage wants you; and I believe it's a fortunate thing for you that the red rag cannot be found. How can you be such a fool, Boothby? You know, however much the Doctor might take your part against Finch's tyranny, he cannot when you defy all authority in public as you regularly persist in doing.'

Richard made no reply; but sullenly walked by Granville's side into the first-class room, where the Doctor, in awful dignity, awaited him with Mr. Finch. On Richard's entrance, Mr. Finch, who was looking very red and uncomfortable, was politely bowed out of the room by

the Doctor, who, however, quietly said as he reached the door, 'Just one word, Mr. Finch. If that handkerchief can be found, Boothby shall stand for an hour to-morrow morning with it before the school. You shall have ample satisfaction for the insolence shown to you. Good morning.' Mr. Finch bowed and departed, and the Doctor, bending his brows sternly on the offender, said, as Richard approached him,

'Have you found the article, Granville?'

'No, sir; no one answered. The boys are all gone now.'

'I suppose you congratulate yourself on your escape, sir,' said the Doctor, gravely.

Richard coloured deeply; and raising his eyes full to his master, replied—

'Mr. Finch deserved all he got, sir. He is a bully and a tyrant; and no fellow can stand it.'

'Some of the fellows do, apparently,' said the Doctor. 'How is it, if you are not in the wrong, you are singled out for this alone? I never hear so many complaints of any other boy in the school—and there is scarcely a day that passes that I do not see or hear something bad of you.'

'Sir, ask all the boys, ask the masters,' exclaimed Richard, warmly, 'if Mr. Finch is not

tyrannical; if he doesn't take delight in getting a boy into a scrape—if it isn't impossible to bear his petty meanness? I can't bear it, and—' he paused, and added, dropping his eyes, but speaking firmly, 'if I have to leave—'

Granville whispered, 'Hush! Richard.'

Dr. Babbage watched his pupil's varying angry countenance attentively for a minute or two without speaking; he then quietly laid before him the impossibility of any school or system being carried on if subordinates were to be their own master and submit to no rule or authority. 'You will find this principle a true life one, Boothby. If you cannot learn to submit to rightly appointed authority, you will through your life be unfit to command yourself: always in hot water, and will never prosper. It may seem a trifle to you now to squabble and dispute the discipline of your school; nay, I dare say you have an idea that it is an evidence of high and manly spirit to be greatly admired—but in the eyes of all sensible persons it is only the evidence of a very silly, unformed, headstrong disposition, which will probably lead you into a very great deal of trouble and hardship before you learn to see it in its true colours yourself. It is not manly spirit, Boothby. It is impatience and self-will—a determination to have

your own way through everything, right or wrong, and it is the duty of those in authority over you to see, as they can, that you learn in early life what you will have to learn at some time, that the yoke must be borne by us all, if we are ever to live to any purpose here.'

'Sir, I always obey you,' said Richard, humbly. 'You have not had to complain of me. If Mr. Finch were——'

'Who appoints Mr. Finch?' asked the Doctor. 'You do not think that, in combating Mr. Finch's rule, and insulting him before the school, you disobey me, and insult me, in him; that he is my representative there; that you do your best to set me at nought, and create a spirit of rebellion among your schoolfellows to my arrangements. If you please, do not pique yourself on obedience to me, as long as this is carried on, Boothby. You *dare* not dispute my immediate commands. Why? Because you are afraid to do so. When I am away, my officers are nought to you, unless they are men of whom you are afraid also. That is not the metal of which *men* should be made, I think. Give me the man who is afraid to do wrong—not overawed by mere force.'

Richard coloured, and hung his head for a moment. When his master paused, he looked up with tears in his eyes, and replied, humbly—

'I do not think I am really afraid of you, sir. I lo—I like you, and I respect you as every boy must;' and gathering courage, he added more firmly, 'But no one *can* respect such a fellow as Finch——.'

'You will find, whether you can respect them or not, that you will have to learn to yield to power in the persons of such men as Mr. Finch is in your eyes, more than once in your life, if I mistake not. Do you suppose the sailor who objects to his second mate has any redress; or the soldier, who refuses submission to the young ensign, not half his age or weight of character? However, all this you know well, and I cannot argue the question longer. You have chosen to do wrong, knowing the consequences. You have had the pleasure of defying your master, I doubt not having fully braved and estimated the cost of such a luxury; and now the reckoning time has come, I do not expect you to quarrel with the payment.'

Dr. Babbage then produced the book Mr. Finch had brought him, and requested to see the others. He inquired step by step the details of the dispute before school, and severely lectured Richard on his thoughtlessness. Afterwards, he told him he must apologize before

the school to Mr. Finch, on Monday, and dismissed him.

'Apologize to Mr. Finch! If you please, sir, I cannot,' replied Richard.

'I shall be very sorry if you cannot,' replied the Doctor, coolly; 'for you will have to leave the school if you cannot. I can have no pupil here who cannot obey me to the letter. You have till Monday to decide whether this is an impossibility. Now, good morning.'

So saying, the Doctor motioned him to the door, and called Granville to him.

CHAPTER II.

RICHARD BOOTHBY left the school with a heavy heart. As he issued from the door he almost fell over a man who was sitting on the step. Dissatisfied with himself, and out of humour with everything that came in his way, Richard, with an angry exclamation, desired the intruder to get out of his way. The man turned towards him a dark thin face, on which were written suffering and want. The glittering black eyes were sunken and unnaturally large, and his long black hair hung in matted locks about his face. He was either unable or unwilling to obey Richard's mandate, and held out his hands, saying something in a language quite unknown to Richard, who was too angry and impatient to notice the evident sorrow and illness which would at another time have touched his heart—'Get out of my way, you vagabond!' he exclaimed, giving the man a violent push. 'Paw—paw—I don't know your lingo. Get up, I say, and don't go on whining here.' Enraged that the foreigner did not

move, he enforced his command with a kick. The man turned on him a dark malignant scowl, which Richard noticed as little as he had previously done his appearance of ill-health, and was slowly making an effort to move, when the door opened again, and with an involuntary exclamation Granville in his turn stumbled over him. 'Pardon.' Granville recovered himself, and perceiving the difficulty the man had to move, assisted him to rise, and addressed a question to him in French. The man answered in a mixture of French and Italian, and Granville became interested sufficiently in his answer to carry on the conversation, and discovered that he was a Genoese sailor who had been taken ill on his arrival in Furstcastle, and had been some weeks in hospital. During his illness his ship had left the harbour, and he had now no friends and no means of subsistence; no employment, and as yet hardly any strength to work. He saw a good many young gentlemen coming out of the house, and thought some might have the goodness to help a poor stranger. But no one had cared about him or his trouble, and he was so weak he had been obliged to sit down, and was very sorry he had incommoded the young Signor, but he could not rise very quickly. Granville saw that he was certainly

very ill, and supported him across the road to a pastrycook's, where he ordered a basin of soup with a couple of rolls for him. He paid for the food, and left the grateful Italian to enjoy the repast, giving him a fourpenny-piece as he left him, with his own address on a slip of paper, that he might be able to find him at home the next morning at an hour he named.

Richard had been a witness to the greater part of this scenė. After watching the Italian into the pastrycook's, he sauntered slowly on, and in time was out of the town and under the chesnut trees of the road leading to the Old Coalpit. He wandered on moodily till very near the hamlet, when he was roused from his reverie by the sound of his own name, and from a turn in the road his eldest sister suddenly appeared.

'We have been almost frightened about you, Richard. What has kept you so late? Come home quickly, and have some dinner; papa is going to take us out for a drive. We were afraid we should go without you.'

'You'd better,' said Richard; 'I shall have to make myself tidy—and I've lots of lessons to do.'

'What has vexed you, Dick?' said Henrietta, kindly. 'Come, you want some dinner; come along; and don't talk till you've had some.'

Richard allowed himself to be led along in silence. They found the rest of the family ready to start, waiting in the front garden; and from the adjoining stable and carriage-yard, could hear the preparations for their drive. Richard's father was going about the garden with his younger children, examining the progress of the young slips and seedlings. He had by the hand his youngest daughter, a little blind child, of about eight years old, and was telling her about the plants, guiding her hand to feel such of his pets as could bear handling. They were not far from the gate when Richard and Henrietta entered. The blind child raised her head.

'That's Richard, papa. There, he is in time —quite in time.'

Mr. Boothby turned round.

'Hey! Richard, my boy, you are only just in time. What has made you so late to-day?—there, run along, and have something to eat. You look quite fagged; you should not stay so long without eating—now mind another time.'

He laid his hand kindly on his son's shoulder as he spoke. Richard felt choked; he hurried into the house, where he found Pauline, with his dinner carefully kept warm for him. She set it before him at once, with some beer; all looked

most tempting, but Richard felt no appetite. After his long walk, and miserable reflections, the kind reception he had met almost upset him. Henrietta left him, thinking he would be best alone, for she saw something was wrong; but Pauline hovered about him in the greatest concern.

'What have you, my schild; you are seeque —you are sorry? Tell your old nuss, mon enfant.'

'Now, don't bother a fellow, Pauline, that's a good soul!' exclaimed Richard. 'There, I didn't mean to be cross,' he added, holding out his hand. 'You are all of you too kind to a bad fellow like me.'

Pauline gave him a kiss, and he tried to smile through a veil of thickly coming tears, which he had great difficulty in choking and drinking down with beer, roast beef, and determination. By dint of the most determined perseverance, Richard managed to eat nearly all his dinner, and, hastily washing his hands and face, joined the waiting party in the garden.

'Well, Dick, you look more the thing now,' said his father, 'and I hope the air and exercise will take away all the preternatural gravity so unsuitable to your ordinary demeanour.' There was a laugh among the young ones, and Mr.

Boothby continued, 'Now, Miss Somers, let me assist you—that's it. Now, Hetty, my darling, and my little Edith will have a stool between you. That's it, my pet—all safe;' he jumped the child in as he spoke. 'Now, what is to be done with Harold?'

'There is room between me and Henrietta on the seat,' said Miss Somers.

'Are you sure? Well, come along to your friends, you happy boy. The pony is for you, Dick; George will sit by me, he is but a little fellow.'

Away they all went over the beautiful country, chattering and laughing in the highest state of enjoyment; and these excursions were always treats. They were rather rare, for Mr. Boothby's occupations seldom permitted him to give his children many consecutive hours of his society; and when he was able, the advantage and pleasure were equally great. He pointed out everything of note, told them legends as nobody else did, gave them elementary lessons on the geology of their neighbourhood; if there were a rare flower, or moss, or grass, his quick eye always caught sight of it, and it was procured and brought home for further investigation. Mechanics were occasionally on the *tapis* as illustrations came in their way, and it was sur-

prising how many valuable facts and theories were taught in this pleasant way, and how many tastes Mr. Boothby gave his children. For there was nothing irksome in his teaching: full of sympathy with their eagerness and high spirits, he was always a child with them, and his home was a very happy one, in spite of the great blank that death had made it to him two or three years before.

Mr. Boothby took a right view of sorrow. He believed God too good to send trial upon any of His children without a great and good reason. He knew that man cannot conceive of the joys prepared for those who love and wait for His appearing, and trusting in what he could not see nor understand, in the midst of his great grief he had been taught to praise God for all the mercies still left to him, as well as for those he had formerly enjoyed; and trusting Him for all yet to come, he would not sorrow as those who have no hope, for the blessing God had seen fit to remove.

By the time they returned home, Richard's low spirits were gone. He jumped off his pony, handed his eldest sister out of the carriage, and carried little Edith into the house in his usual fashion, which was a mixture of gentleness and boyish glee. Pauline was as usual at the door

to hear and comment on the afternoon's delights, and great was the Babel of French and English through which Mr. Boothby had to make his way with Harold and Miss Somers on his way in to tea.

'Make them tell you in French, Pauline; that's the way to teach them to talk. I hope you have a capital tea for us; we are as hungry as hunters.'

They were soon all assembled at the plentifully-spread board, the little ones clapping their hands at the sight of home-made cakes, poached eggs, and broiled ham, which cook had sent up for a surprise. After tea there was a happy hour with papa and the microscope in examining the flowers they had brought home, and then the little ones went to bed. Miss Somers went into the oak parlour to play on the organ; Mr. Boothby was called out to his surgery, and Richard, left alone with Henrietta, got out his books. He did not feel much inclined to work; the sight of the books brought back disagreeable recollections, which had been very successfully banished for the last few hours. He was sitting very disconsolately, idly turning over the pages of a book of German exercises, when Henrietta spoke.

Richard turned sharply round.

'Eh, what now?'

'You startle me, dear, when you are so very abrupt,' said Henrietta, quietly.

'Oh, well! and you startle me. Come, out with it; I've lots to do.'

'But you don't seem to be doing it.'

'That's no affair of anybody's. I've got to do it; and how I manage it is my affair and no one else's.'

'Very well. I will not speak at present.'

She went on working, and Richard whistled a little over his German to show his indifference. Presently he looked up. 'Well, Hetty, let's hear what you have to say.'

'You are not in a nice humour now, Dick, and I have something serious to say.'

'Well, I'm serious enough.'

'I do not think you are; and you must be, for you have been doing very wrong.'

'*Wrong!*' said Richard, colouring all over. 'How did you know anything about it? You weren't there!'

'Where!' said Henrietta. 'I dare say not. I do not know anything that happened at school this morning; that is for you to tell me if you like, or to keep to yourself if you had rather not tell me. I am speaking of what happened at home in the nursery this morning. If any one

but Pauline and I had known of it, Dick, you would have heard of it before this—'

'In the nursery?' said Richard, after a pause. 'Surely I didn't leave the guard off?'

Henrietta nodded.

'What a go, to be sure!' exclaimed Richard, with a very concerned air. 'I wonder if I shall ever recollect. What a good thing papa didn't know. Not that I really mind; but his being so vexed, Hetty. I'll never take that guard off again, that's flat, and then I shan't forget to put it on; but they must go without their butter-scotch. There, now, you and Pauline are good creatures, and I know it's as safe as a prison—'

'Yes; but Dick, that is not all. It would not be much for me to save you from punishment, surely, if I can; but you know I cannot help saying that you do deserve it, and as you have not got it to-day, you must listen to me. Edith was nearly burned to death this morning—'

'Henrietta, no—now—nay, she was in the carriage this afternoon. You are saying this to frighten me.'

'I am not, indeed,' replied his sister, very gravely. 'I went upstairs directly you set off, to make sure about the guard, for I knew George went out of the nursery before you; and Harold

was too little to be at all depended on, beside the danger for himself. I had just got to the door, when I heard something fall among the fire-irons and a shriek. I rushed in and found Edith across the fender with her pinafore burning. Happily, her fall had prevented the flames from spreading as they would have done had she been up and able to run about. Pauline came in directly after me. I hardly know how anything happened; but I believe I got the flame out with my woollen dress. We were, oh, so thankful, Dick, to find she was very slightly burnt on one arm. We shut the nursery door, and, as papa was in the surgery, happily no inquiries were made; but you see, Dick, papa is not unreasonably angry. How dreadful if Edith had been alone a few minutes longer, and I know you would do anything for her; but you forget so, indeed you do, dear Dick.'

Richard's face was as white as a sheet while Henrietta spoke. After a minute's silence he said—

'Oh, Henrietta, I wish papa did know, I do. I cannot bear to think of—oh, Hetty, why didn't Edith tell him, and have her arm bound up?'

'You cannot think how sweet she was, Dick. She begged Pauline not to let papa know. She

cried about you, and said the burn was only a very little one, and much easier to bear than bearing Dick being punished as he was last time.' So I said, papa will see your arm tied up, Edith, and he will ask, and what can we say? 'I wont have any rags on,' she said. 'But you must,' nurse said, and if you have no rag on your papa will see the arm itself; and indeed, Dick, I did not know what to say, for I thought papa ought to know, to tie it up for her; but then she begged Pauline to put one of her high dresses on, and we could not refuse her, for she cried so, and we could not help crying, too; she was trembling all over, and she stroked our faces with her shaking hands, while she begged us not to 'let Dick be whipped,' and said, '*I* told papa last time; and I couldn't bear it, Hetty, papa was so angry;' and *you* know, Dick, she could not very well help telling that time, and that was the third time you had forgotten the guard, though no harm had happened before, and you know papa found her close to the fire, and asked who had been with her. Oh, Dick,' said Henrietta, sorrowfully, 'papa said something like this would happen—will nothing make you remember to be careful?'

'You need not scold. No, nothing I believe ever will,' exclaimed Richard, bursting into a

passionate fit of tears. 'I am the most unlucky fellow alive; I cannot even do a good-natured thing without doing mischief. I declare I wish Edith had told, anything would have been better than—and yet, what would papa think? Oh, Hetty!' Richard laid his arms on the table and sobbed violently. 'I don't deserve any of your kindness at all. I never shall be any better. I shall run away, and then no one will have any more misery with me. I can't make myself think of things.'

'You are too impatient, Dick; you will not wait nor *listen*,' said Henrietta. 'Now, if you would sometimes listen when——'

'It's no use—no use, Henrietta, talking; you can't do me any good. I shall never be any better.'

'But I shall talk, and you must listen,' said Henrietta. 'This is just what I say, Dick; now, though you are so sorry, you are too impatient to listen and too proud to think you are in fault. You like better to think you are the most *unlucky* fellow alive, than that you were wrong and might have prevented all. Now, you must be patient enough to listen, and try to be humble enough to say you are wrong when I have done. I was going to say, if you would sometimes listen when you are reminded, you

might get into a habit of remembering to *wait* to *think*, and to *wait* and *do* things, and that is half your fault; and when any one tells you of your carelessness, or reminds, you only call out—'Oh, yes—oh, yes; there, that'll do, what a fuss you make about it;' and you think every one too particular, and will not believe anything can happen. When papa warned you, you thought nothing about it. I remember months ago, how impatient you were when he first told you about that guard; and the last time, Dick, that miserable afternoon you thought he was very unkind because *Edith hadn't been hurt.* Did that alter your fault, Dick? You see he was right. What would he say now?' Henrietta paused and wiped her own eyes, as she added, laying her face side by side with his on the table, 'Dick, you remember what dear mam——'

'Yes, yes, yes!' sobbed Richard, vehemently. 'I—I remember. I never forget what she said; but I don't think of it the right way, Hetty; and, as she said, I don't *pray* right, because I don't love God. I don't think I ever shall be any good to any one. I can't force myself to love God. I shall go away to sea, and then you will all be safe; for I am sure I shall be getting some one killed, or into disgrace by

my faults. I never have luck, like any other fellow.'

Henrietta laid an arm tenderly on his neck.

'Don't say that again, Dick. You don't know the troubles of other fellows as well as you know your own; and you ought not to talk of running away. *Can* you run away from *yourself?* You are the cause of all your own troubles. Don't be too proud to face yourself and fight yourself, instead of being angry and impatient. It is braver and more manly to stay at home and conquer, than to run away, and find new foes. You a *Boothby*, Richard, and say you *cannot?* You would not let another *fellow* say so.'

Richard made no answer, and his sister continued:—

'You would like an easy life, with nothing to contradict you; but that cannot be found, as papa told you; and, as for us, should we be much happier in being always anxious about you, and ignorant of all that was happening to you? We all love you a little, Dick.'

Dick suddenly flung his arm round her, and Henrietta whispered a few words of advice, that seemed too sacred to be uttered aloud; and, by degrees, her brother told her all his school trouble, and Henrietta begged him earnestly

to make the necessary apology the next morning.

'You were wrong, you know, Dick; and think of dear papa, who is always thinking of us. We are all to him, Dick. What would he feel if you were expelled?'

'No; but it's very difficult, Henrietta, and that Finch is such a sneak—such a tyrant!'

'Well, the boys all know that, and they will know that you do for the Doctor what you might not for him; so that wont trouble you.'

'I shall do it for my own sake, if I do it, Hetty; for my father's and yours——'

'And,' as Miss Somers says, 'for right's sake.'

'I don't know. I feel too angry to think about that,' replied Richard; 'but here's somebody come, and I haven't done anything yet. I must go and see Edith, little darling. He ran out of the room, as Miss Somers entered. Edith was fast asleep in her little bed by Pauline's. He gently turned the bed-clothes down, and looked, with tears in his eyes, at the arm, wrapped in cotton-wool. Then, kissing her very softly, he covered her up, and retreated on tiptoe to his own room.

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning Richard set off to school, accompanied by his sister as far as the little copse near their house. There was something in his countenance that made Henrietta rather doubtful of his trustworthiness: but as he promised her that he would apologize to Mr. Finch 'all right,' she endeavoured to be satisfied, and returned home to her own work, after stealing a kiss from her wayward brother under cover of a stout hawthorn. The day wore on, and Henrietta, eager to hear how her brother had surmounted his troubles, was in the garden long before he could possibly arrive, to catch the first glimpse of him, and welcome him home as a victor; but the time passed—the time came—no Richard; and she began to be uneasy. The question, 'Where's Dick?' was passed round more than once, at first causing very little excitement, as Richard was not wont to be very punctual when the weather was fine; but at length the question began to assume a more serious aspect, and even the younger children

were grave, though the cook coolly assured them that 'Master Richard was only gone for a lark,' and would be back again before bedtime she had no doubt.

'But how does cook know anything about it?' asked Henrietta of Pauline, who had reported the cook's opinion.

'She has seen the schild dis very day. He just run by her ven she come to de larder,' replied Pauline; 'he have his bow, and run away tout de suite, just at de moment Miss Henriette——'

'Then he has been home?' said Henrietta. 'Did cook say how long ago?'

Pauline replied, in a hesitating tone, 'Cook croit—she believe it about one hour.'

'Oh, Pauline, you must have mistaken her,' exclaimed Henrietta; 'he could not leave school so soon. It is not a half-holiday to-day.'

'I do not meestake, Mademoiselle,' said Pauline. 'S'il vous plait demandez à cook. I go to fetch her.'

'Pauline *must* have made a mistake,' said Henrietta, in rather an impatient manner, as the nurse went in search of the cook; 'he could not have been at home so early.'

'Perhaps he has run away,' said Edith; 'he often says he will.'

'Oh, nonsense,' exclaimed poor Henrietta, determined not on any account to entertain such an idea till it could no longer be avoided; 'that is only nonsense, Edith. What should he run away for?'

The cook arriving at this moment, Miss Somers turned to her, and inquired what time she had seen Richard?

'Why, ma'am, it was, as near as I can remember, about one o'clock.'

'Dere, now; you see, Miss Henriette,' interposed Pauline, who had followed her.

'Where was he when you saw him, 'cook?' said Miss Somers.

'Well, ma'am, I was going into the larder for some eggs, for the custard-pudding—you know, ma'am, we had custard-pudding for dinner to-day.'

'It would not do for us to forget that at this present moment,' ejaculated Henrietta, impatiently, aside.

The cook paused on hearing her voice, and finding the remark did not appear to be addressed to her, continued—

'Well, ma'am, and I was quite startled, for there was some one going into the larder. At first I thought it was some one going to steal; but the next minute I saw it was Master Dick; and, says I, 'Master Dick!'—I was just going to

say, Master Dick—what are you doing in the larder? but he was off like a shot, and didn't speak to me. There was just that in his manner which made me fancy he'd no mind to be seen; but I didn't give it a thought that it wasn't a half-holiday, and I didn't look after him. I think he'd got his cross-bow in his hand.'

Finding that nothing else was to be obtained from cook, the little family conclave began to deliberate on their best plan of action. Mr. Boothby was dining in Furstcastle that evening, and, as it happened, at the Grammar School. So nothing else occurred to Miss Somers but sending a messenger at once to him, as the most straightforward course, both to put Mr. Boothby in possession of the fact of his son's absence, as well as to obtain the latest intelligence of events at the Grammar School. Henrietta was most anxious to accompany the messenger, but of this Miss Somers very properly would not hear, and there was now nothing left for her but patient endurance of her anxiety and suspense.

Dr. Babbage had a large musical party that night, and the entertainment was at its height when a servant came in and whispered to him. He nodded: but took no further notice for some minutes, when, the quartett being finished, he walked out of the room and gave an audience

to the servant from the Cloister, and then returned to his drawing-room, where, with a rather annoyed expression of countenance, he went up to Mr. Boothby and said in a low tone—

'Do you know, sir, that your son has run away from school to-day?'

'No, indeed. I am sorry to hear it. I cannot think of any reason. How! you are not joking, surely?'

'I could tell you the reason. Very likely you would not have heard it under any circumstances. I should not have played the host so ill as to trouble you with school tales to-night, but a messenger has just come from the Coalpit to say that he has not come home, and to ask what is to be done. I am both annoyed and grieved for you, my dear sir. I cannot say I am *anxious* about your son. I have no doubt he will take care of himself; but I suppose I shall not readily calm your mind on that point, though it is hardly likely he will choose to stay out all night.'

Mr. Boothby went out of the room to see the servant on his own account, and in a short time, by the assistance of the Doctor as to the school facts, arrived at some conclusion as to the state of the case, which appeared to be, that Richard had had a quarrel with the under-master;

had, in consequence, behaved so ill that the Doctor had had no option but to cane him—a mode of proceeding he was always most unwilling to adopt; and that Richard had, with a class-fellow, been left in a room to stay in for an hour after school. That Richard had, it appeared, induced his friend to join him in getting out of the window on to a roof below, and so down into the street, in which they had been seen by one or two of their schoolfellows; but beyond this no information was to be obtained. Mr. Boothby thanked the Doctor, and took his leave directly, bending his steps at once to the house of Mrs. Parker, the mother of the friend who, he understood, had accompanied his son. He found Mrs. Parker in a state of terrible anxiety, not knowing what had become of her son. She had just sent to the Police station to make inquiries, and to beg that a search might be set on foot, and was full of gratitude to Mr. Boothby for his visit to her. Mr. Boothby having discovered from his own servant that Richard had been seen at the Cloister, engaged a policeman to accompany him, and drove home directly. There he found Richard was still missing, and though his own arrival was the greatest possible relief to the poor anxious party at home, there was nothing for them but to wait

while the search was carried on through the coal district. The news had already spread through the hamlet that the Doctor's son was missing, and one or two persons proffered information to the effect that he and a young lad about his own age, only somewhat slighter, had been seen by more than one person on the road leading to the next colliery. And, armed with this direction, Farmer Jones, the policeman, and Mr. Boothby, with his man-servant and one or two friends from the hamlet, spent the greater part of the night in scouring the country; but the search was fruitless, and they all returned about three or four o'clock to the Cloister without the truants, to rest. They had heard of them in one colliers' hamlet, and were so far successful that they knew in which direction to shape their course for the next day; and after a few hours' sleep, some of the party again set out. For some part of the day Mr. Boothby was obliged to leave the search to others, on account of some cases of sickness which he did not think right to leave, but towards the evening he mounted a horse and joined the party who had agreed to meet him at Cobbelston, a hamlet some miles distant, in case they should not be successful in bringing the boys home before the time appointed. In spite of his reasoning, Mr. Boothby

was now becoming very uneasy. The weather had been threatening for the last hour, and as he reached the rendezvous the rain began to fall heavily, accompanied by a high wind, which drove it against him with blinding force and fury. He was of course soon in safe and comfortable quarters, but the news which reached him here, determined him to press on in spite of the fury of the weather. The boys had passed through Cobbelston early that morning, and had been seen in the neighbouring country by several persons; the last informant mentioned having seen them about six miles distant, near a river, asleep on some fallen timber, about five or six o'clock in the evening, and had met them at least an hour afterwards apparently returning from the river in the Cobbelston direction.

'They ought to be here shortly, sir,' said the policeman, 'if they were coming on that way, but there is an ugly heath, I understand, on the way, where, on a dark night, a stranger might easily lose himself, and in such weather as this it will be still worse. We may have a chance of finding them if we take a guide with us, otherwise we may wander round and round, and lose them after all. A few miles of heath is large enough to play hide-and-seek on for some hours.

'It'll be something like looking for a couple of needles in a bottle of hay, I fancy,' said Farmer Jones; 'such a night as this, too. The boys will take shelter somewhere.'

'If they are not overtaken on the heath,' said the policeman. 'It is almost enough to do for two benighted boys, such a night as this on a wide common. What do you say, sir?' he added, turning to Mr. Boothby.

'Let us go, *certainly*,' replied Mr. Boothby. 'I need not trespass on the kindness of these good friends, if I can have a guide and you will come with me.'

'Oh,' said Farmer Jones, 'I don't want to spare myself, Doctor. I'm your man for anything, and if you think they wont shelter, and you must hunt them up, why, we'd better start at once and lose no time. Get up as many as you can with lanthorns, and we will beat about in every direction.'

Mr. Boothby thanked him, and taking the advice, he collected as many hands as he could obtain; and all sallied forth into the pitiless storm, which burst upon them in redoubled fury as they emerged from the shelter of the village on the heath. For a couple of hours, they wandered in all directions, at times nearly giving up the quest as useless, and again urged

on by a fancy that they heard some faint human cry of distress. Still they found nothing, and all agreed that their distress made them exaggerate every sound that perchance reached them. They had just come to the conclusion that the search had better be abandoned till the morrow, when the storm lulled for a moment or two, and they stood silent as if by common consent. Suddenly Mr. Boothby exclaimed—

'There, that was a shout! Hush—listen!'

They listened: from a spot at no great distance a shout, or cry of distress, was uttered, and then the fury of the storm burst out again; but they had heard enough to guide them, and proceeded cautiously in the direction of the cry, turning the lanthorn's light by turns on every foot of the ground immediately surrounding them. The policeman who was performing this part of the business, presently called out—'Here they are—down there, sir—under that bank! There!—just at the mouth of that cave!' and turning to a young man by him, he added, 'Turn back at once to Cobbelston and get the carriage all ready. Now then, sir, you're all right, sure enough.'

In another minute, Mr. Boothby had reached the spot.

CHAPTER IV.

WE must now go back to the morning that Henrietta accompanied her brother as far as the copse on his way to school, and taking the reader with us to the Grammar School, account for Richard's disappearance.

Dr. Babbage, instead of retiring to his first-class room on that day after reading morning prayers, as was his wont, stood still and begged Mr. Finch to step up to him. There was breathless silence in the school, and with open mouths and eyes, the boys looked forwards to see what was going on. Richard Boothby was in his place with his own class, and when prayers were over, sat down in the vague hope that he might be overlooked. His ally, John Parker, whispered to him as Mr. Finch went forward,

'Do you know what's in the wind, Boothby?'

'Don't see me, please,' was Richard's reply; but the next moment the sound of his name dispelled all pleasing dreams of escape, and blushing and defiant, Richard vaulted over the desk in front of him and was before the Doctor in a second or two, erect and tolerably self-possessed;

but we fear not so repentant as was to be wished.

'Well, Boothby,' said the Doctor, 'as you are here this morning, I suppose you are prepared to make a full apology to Mr. Finch for your ill-behaviour, and I have called you up here that it may be fully done in my presence as well as in that of your schoolfellows. You have, of course, made up your mind to the only alternative, I presume,' he added, on Richard's hesitation and silence.

'He'll not apologize,' said one of his classfellows, standing on tiptoe and peering over Parker's shoulder. 'Fancy Boothby making an apology to the Crocodile! rich. How grand the Crocodile looks—'

'Hush! the Doctor's looking,' said Parker.

'Be silent, there!' exclaimed the Doctor. 'Now, Boothby, this is no time for deliberation. 'To be or not to be.''

'I've no objection to make an apology to him if he wants it,' said Richard, proudly. 'What am I expected to say?'

'That is for you to discóver, sir,' said the Doctor, sternly. 'No trifling—at once or not at all; and remember, if you please, sir, that your masters have names, and are to be treated with respect.'

Richard blushed and begged the Doctor's pardon very respectfully; then turning round to face Mr. Finch, he made a low bow, and standing erect, spoke in a distinct voice that was heard all over the school—

'I am sorry, Mr. Finch, that I have been so unfortunate. I am most ready to offer any apology for having so much offended you. I am sorry the pocket-handkerchief I picked up was not yours; the mistake was unfortunately easily made; I assure you it struck me as very like some I have seen you use. I will be more cautious another time, and hope you will allow me to apologize for any annoyance I may have caused you.'

Dr. Babbage was very grave, and as red as his pupil, during this speech. His extreme gravity held the school in entire check; so that some were deluded into the idea that Richard's apology had nothing of any extraordinary character in it. Mr. Finch crimsoned also; and at one point of Richard's declaration was beginning to interrupt him, but a glance at some faces near him checked him, and he stood nervously fidgeting till the apology was ended. As dead a silence followed Richard's speech as had preceded it, and after a moment's apparent reflection, during which Dr. Babbage looked from Mr. Finch to Richard and back again, he said—

'Are you satisfied, Mr. Finch?'

There was a little commotion among the first class, and the second master passed his hand slowly over his mouth. One or two others were afflicted with colds or coughs at the moment, so that Mr. Finch's reply was but indistinctly heard. But the Doctor appeared to have caught it, as he presently said, in the same grave manner—

'Very well. You may go, Boothby, since Mr. Finch is satisfied; but mind,' he added, looking steadily at him, and speaking very slowly, 'let me hear no more of you for a long time.'

Richard bowed and retired, not having apologized, most certainly, in the exact spirit which Henrietta had presumed necessary. That nothing more was said, arose, we presume, from the fact that the Doctor was beginning to see more clearly lately the treatment which some of the boys received from Mr. Finch. However that might be, the triumph Richard had obtained, made him for the morning a kind of hero in the school, and did not tend to improve his spirit of subordination. In the day's regular course of study, he went with his class to receive a geographical lesson from Mr. Finch. He was not in a teachable humour himself, and what was worse, had infected the class, which was so

troublesome that Mr. Finch had real cause of complaint. Having, however, so recently complained to the head-master, he got through his work without any appeal to high quarters, though he several times threatened to do so; but after school he detained Richard and two of his friends as a punishment, and desired them to remain an hour in the class-room. Richard was extremely insolent, though he knew he deserved far more that morning than an hour's detention in school. He had come up with his lesson wholly unprepared; and, instead of determinedly doing his best to gain all the good he could from the master's good teaching, he had tried his patience, and made his work as irksome as he was able, by feigning stupidity, and stimulating his friends to silly jokes.

'You expect to keep me here an hour, do you?' he said, after assuring Mr. Finch that he was not going to stay.

'I do, most assuredly, sir; and, what's more, Boothby, I'll do more if you don't take care. There is such a thing as a cane under this roof; and, unwilling as Dr. Babbage is to use it, he uses it sometimes. Now, you mind what you are doing, or you will get it about you.'

Richard laughed, and replied, 'You think the

Doctor will use a cane for *you*, do you? I am afraid you wont see that fun just yet.'

He made a rush at the door as he spoke, and was arrested by a strong arm.

'What, again! so soon, Boothby?' said the Doctor's voice. '*You* may wait here till I have satisfied Mr. Finch again. Here, Mr. Finch, you will find a cane inside the bookcase in my room; will you fetch it me? I have heard enough as I passed to convince me that it may be judiciously used just now. I ask no questions.'

Mr. Finch was not slow in executing the Doctor's commission, and Richard silently received a richly-deserved caning in his presence, and Dr. Babbage departed, leaving the three boys in the room for their appointed time of durance; and Mr. Finch, determining to make assurance doubly sure, turned the key outside, as he followed the Doctor. As the lock turned, Richard, who had been standing in sullen endurance where the Doctor left him, walked to the window, which he threw open, and leaning silently out, with his face turned away from his friends, continued for some minutes in a contemplative mood. Suddenly he turned round:—

'Boys, we'll do him yet!'

'Hey!—what!' exclaimed Parker, coming up to him. 'What are you thinking about?'

'I mean to cut,' was Richard's rejoinder.

'Nay, haven't you had enough, Dick?' said Parker. 'Don't you go and get into any more scrapes.'

'I shall do nothing else while that little ass and fox is here,' said Richard, stamping, and grinding his teeth. 'To think of *his* getting me caned! I'll—I'll never behave well to him again, and he needn't expect it. He's found me his match before this, and he'll find me so again.'

'But, Boothby,' said the third boy, 'don't provoke the Doctor any more, that's a good fellow. You know you've been as bad as you could be, and we all were, and the Crocodile behaved on the whole very well to-day. I am sure if the Doctor had flogged us all round the class we should have deserved it. You couldn't expect a master to bear it.'

'A second Daniel come to judgment,' said Richard. 'Well, preach to yourself, my lad, and don't preach for me. You come along, Parker; you're the boy for me. See, our two straps will let us down on that roof, and we can get on the wall from that, and there we are.'

'And where will you go, then?'

'Oh, a ramble somewhere. The masters may whistle for me, when I'm treated in this way.'

'But Doctor Babbage may expel you,' said Smith; 'don't go, Boothby.'

'Let him, then, if he chooses.'

A very strong voice within Richard cried shame; but he would not listen to it; for he had begun in a very wrong spirit. In a few minutes, he had fastened his own strap to that of Parker, and, attaching them with more difficulty to the iron stanchion of the window, he dropped himself down on the roof he had pointed out, and, looking up, once more invited his friends.

'Coming, Parker? You must be quick if you mean to come with me. It's dangerous to stay here—come, liberty's sweet.'

'Here goes, then, for a spree!' exclaimed Parker, and he was by Richard's side in a moment, pulling down the straps with him, and falling on the roof, from which he would have rolled, had it not been for Richard's aid. 'Eh! that was a narrow miss,' exclaimed Parker, getting up; 'now, we're in for it: our return is cut off.'

'That's no odds,' said Richard. 'I don't want to get back. Come along.'

Parker looked more doubtful; but the die was cast, and scrambling down the wall, they were both soon in the street and out of sight.

'And now, what do you mean to do, Boothby? I don't half like this.'

'You'll like it well enough, if you let me guide you,' said Richard. 'How much money have you?'

'Not a penny,' replied his companion, ruefully, searching his pockets.

Richard thought. 'Well, can you get some eatables as you pass your house?'

'Perhaps some bread-and-cheese.'

'That will do; I have half-a-crown. You go along, and get the bread-and-cheese, and I'll wait at the corner for you. We'll go along by the collieries, and see some stirrings, and I'll show you how I'll manage when I'm cast on the wide world.'

CHAPTER V.

THE boys held on their way; the weather was unusually fine, being one of those premature summer days that so often come in the beginning of May, before the cold weather fairly departs. They had not fasted as yet, and the fine fresh air and exercise had raised their animal spirits; and as is too often the case, in the enjoyment of life and energy, they forgot the doubtful nature of their freak. They had long since passed the 'Old Coalpit,' and Richard had stolen into his home and brought away a favourite cross-bow. He had also tried experiments in the foraging line, but had failed; being detected by the cook at the larder door, and accosted by her in great surprise, he had rushed off at full speed. All Parker's bread-and-cheese was now gone, and as the usual tea-time was now drawing on, the boys began to want food again. They were now drawing near the second colliery hamlet they had met, and Richard proposed they should go down the pit.

'Have you ever seen a pit, Parker?'

Parker replied in the negative, and Richard suggested that it would be a good place to go to, to evade pursuit.

'No one will think of looking in a coalpit for us.'

'I should think not,' replied Parker. 'But you don't think of remaining there all night, do you?'

'Why not? We mustn't be particular,' said Richard. 'We couldn't find such a good sheltered place.'

'Well, I can't say I fancy it much,' said Parker. 'Hadn't we better go home to-night?'

'What a fellow you are!' said Richard; 'why, half the fun of being out is managing for ourselves, and seeing life for ourselves.'

Parker, however, demurred so strongly to the propriety of remaining the night in such a place of shelter, that after looking into a coal level for a few minutes, Richard compromised the matter by yielding the point of a sleeping apartment, and leading the way further on; and in due course of time they entered a village as little known to Richard as Parker, though from a love of rambling, the former knew more of the surrounding country than his companion. Being accustomed to the rough inhabitants, and in the habit of making friends with them, he was less shy in this new locality. The village was not

inviting at first sight, though prettily situated. A congregation of straggling rows of miserable little cottages, built as cheaply as was consistent with their object, lay stretched out before them, with their blackened roadways, of which the pavement was coal. The majority of the cottages were conspicuous for little else than dirt and general slovenliness of aspect. Before most lay a heap of ashes, cabbage-stalks, and other rubbish of various kinds, and immediately underneath the single lower window was a store of good coal for family consumption, which, with the ashes, was well trodden into the general room on the ground floor of the houses of which the boys were able to see anything of the interior; and there was very little variety in the aspect of this certainly most unpicturesque hamlet. It was the hour when the men were leaving the pit, and they were met on their approach to, and passage through the village, by hundreds of men in miners' dresses, with safety lamps attached to their waists, their blackened faces and hands increasing the general impression of coarseness and low mental power which they inspired; some strolled listlessly on, others were in full talk and active motion; most of them had a stooping, rambling gait from the habit of seldom working in a perfectly erect posture, and

this added, not a little, to the unpleasant impression their manner and appearance created. Some of these men were met at the entrance of the village by wives and children, others found them waiting, standing at their house doors, to greet them; but most, we are sorry to say, separated at the doors of the different public-houses, of which there were no less than three in the place, and there spent the greater part of the evening. Many glances were directed at the two boys, much to Parker's discomfiture, who saw in every uncertain character a robber of his property, and grew very uneasy at the free remarks made from time to time on them as they were surrounded by a crowd of these rough men. Richard had, however, his wits ready to serve them both. Wishing one of the miners the cheery 'Good evening,' which generally begets a kindly answer and feeling at once, he asked if there were any place at hand where they could obtain some refreshment cheap. One of the men invited them to accompany him into a small 'public,' where he could 'get a tea for next to nothing, and would find good company;' and in default of anything better, in spite of a kind of inward shrinking from both locality and companions, Richard entered with his friend, and having intimated in due course of time to the

landlord that their means were limited, was furnished with some bread and cheese and ale. The miners who entered with them into this place were good-natured and invited the boys to join their party, which invitation Richard thought proper to accept; but he did not feel inclined to remain very long in their company, and seeing Parker evidently nervous in his novel situation, he rose, thanked them all heartily for their good fellowship, and pleading the lateness of the hour, paid their little bill, bought a small loaf of bread to carry on with them, and set off again. It was nearly dark when they got out of the village, and Parker began faintly to express a wish that they were safely at home. To this Richard paid no attention, only remarking what a fine night it was, and how jovial it was to bivouac under a tree or among the furze-bushes on the heath they were now approaching.

'Now, if we had some of that heather on which the Scotch sleep, by jingo! shouldn't we sleep soft, Jack? I remember staying a night in South Wales on a mountain with a party of young fellows, when I was visiting my uncle. I never slept upon such a jolly bed. We struck up a tent—'

'Ah, that was a different thing,' said Parker, 'and I dare say it was summer time?'

'Well, so it was; but isn't this as good as summer? You're not made of wax, I suppose; you wont melt. I gave you credit for being of harder stuff, Jack.'

'And so I am, if we were doing proper; but I aint sure of that, Boothby.'

Richard replied that it 'was every Englishman's birthright to resist tyranny,' and with this sapient declaration stifled his own sense of doing wrong and walked heroically on, telling Parker various legends of the country, till his friend, worked up to a state of superstitious horror, declared that they must find a house to sleep in.

'What a fellow you are!' exclaimed Richard. 'Now I think half the fun—'

'I don't see any *fun* at all.'

'That's because it's night, you stupe,' said Richard, contemptuously.

Parker fired up at this, and Richard, by no means desiring a quarrel, soothed him, and continued—

'Well, I know the whereabouts pretty well, and there's another village about three miles further on.'

'And another set of rascally colliers, I suppose. You talk of *miles* as if they were nothing.'

'Well, you know when one makes up one's

mind to do a thing, one mustn't be discouraged at the beginning,' said Richard, heroically. 'Now, I know of a capital cave about five miles further on, where we could find shelter, but we can't make a fire very well without light to look for materials, or else we might make ourselves very warm and comfortable; but I think, now, the only thing we can do is to push on for Cobbelston.'

'Is it another colliers' village?'

'Yes; I have ridden there on the pony.'

'Then, I think, we'd better go back where we made some friends.'

'We're nearer to Cobbelston than to Vilmoor,' replied Richard, 'and we shall be so much farther on our way to-morrow. We're an hour's walk from Vilmoor. Isn't it nice walking by night?'

'Middling,' said Parker, discontentedly, 'if one wasn't told so many horrid tales of ghosts and murders.'

Richard *pooh-pooked* and walked on; both he and his friend being now not a little tired with their long ramble. Presently their attention was drawn to a little glimmer of light among some bushes at a distance. Parker fearfully pointed it out to his companion, who, after examining it for some minutes, and walking

steadily on towards it, pronounced it to be a light from a cottage window, and added—

'We may as well try our luck there, perhaps.'

'But be cautious; because you don't know who may live there,' whispered Parker.

Richard's love of the mysterious, rather than any caution, induced him to take the advice, and they approached the little cottage very stealthily when near enough to be heard, and at last were enabled to look in at the window. An old woman was sitting at a low fire in a very small clean room, reading by the light of a single rushlight. Everything within was clean and tidy, though very poor—a small loaf of bread and a knife lay on the table by her with a pitcher; a little dog was asleep on the hearth, but as the boys approached with light steps he started up, pricked up his ears, and began to bark sharply. The old woman raised her head, and Richard quickly advanced to the door and knocked. In a minute or so the old woman, from within, asked who was there and what was wanted, and Richard replied that they were two boys benighted, who asked shelter for the night. There was a little pause and the door was cautiously opened, and they were desired to walk in after a moment's inspection. The old woman looked very curiously at them, and inquired whence they came.

Richard replied from Furstcastle, whence they had taken a ramble and were benighted; he promised they would leave her very early in the morning, if she would allow them the shelter of her roof for the night.

'I have no bed to give you, young gentlemen,' she said; 'but you are welcome to lie on the floor if you like.'

Richard thanked her, and replied that was all they wanted; and after raking out her fire, and putting aside her loaf of bread, she left them with a bit of candle, about an inch long, to arrange their couch, and taking up the taller rushlight, ascended the ladder, which served as stairs, to her sleeping room. They heard her presently talking above to some one in a low tone; she then called to the dog, who immediately took his station at the foot of the ladder. The two boys looked at one another, silently at first; at length Parker whispered—

'Dick, I don't much like the looks of that old woman; do you?'

'I don't think I do,' replied Richard; 'yet, I don't know what harm she could do us; we're more than a match for her.'

'Only, there's some one else upstairs—don't you hear the talking?—and it's a man's voice.

And, did you see, she took a knife up with her?'

'Did she?' said Richard, thoughtfully; 'but, then, what good would she get?'

'Perhaps she fancies we have money and watches, and when we are asleep—hush!'

Their hostess's step, stealthy as it was, was heard at the top of the ladder, and her face appeared at the opening for a moment, and retired.

The boys became breathlessly silent; presently they distinctly heard the words—

'Where's the knife? Have you got it handy?'

'Did you hear that, Dick?' whispered Parker, with a face as white as a sheet. Richard nodded. Another deeper voice grumbled something in reply; and Richard whispered—

'Perhaps you are right, Parker. This comes of despising my cave. We must watch and sleep, turn about. Now let us see; we must make haste and settle, for our candle's going.'

'I shan't sleep at all to-night, I'm sure,' said Parker, shivering.

Richard looked round the room, and espied a cloak hanging on a peg; he presently brought it to his friend, and bade him roll it round him, and go to sleep as fast as possible.

'And I'll keep watch; and you need never fear.'

'Hush, Dick!' whispered Parker, fearfully; 'there they are again. I shall go.'

Richard was startled again by the sound of footsteps overhead. Their candle was just dying out, when the old woman looked down a second time from the loft.

'All's right here,' said Richard, boldly.

'Here's a covering for you,' said the old woman. 'Go to sleep, and don't talk down below; it's time everybody was abed.'

As she spoke, she flung down a thick blue rug and a small cushion. Richard thanked her eagerly, and brought them to his schoolfellow, whom he made very comfortable with them; donning the cloak as fatigue and night air was making him chilly, he sat down on a chair for his watch. Parker's fears soon yielded to fatigue, and in a few minutes he was asleep; and though Richard manfully sat on his perch, and kept awake for half an hour, stillness and force of habit resumed their sway with him. He nearly fell on the floor many times during his sleepy watch, and was twice woke from a very ignominious slumber by the striking of the cuckoo clock in the kitchen. When it came to Parker's turn, he was far too sleepy to be awakened, and the second watch ended in Richard's turning in,

cloak and all, under the rug, with his head on a corner of the cushion, and falling soundly asleep. They both, however, woke very early, and were as much relieved as surprised to find themselves unhurt, with broad daylight staring them in the face.

'Half-past four, Dick,' said Parker, sitting up. 'Why didn't you wake me?'

'I tried,' whispered Richard; 'but you wouldn't wake, and I saw no fun in doing all the watching.'

'I wonder what they wanted with that knife,' said Parker, yawning.

'I don't know; at any rate it wasn't to stick us with. Come, shall we be going? we have our bread and some cheese here, but we'd better be economical as we have all day before us.'

'But where are we to go?' said Parker, gloomily. 'I wish I hadn't come.'

'*To go?*' said Richard, disdainfully. 'Oh, we can get some employment in the next town; or if all fails we can go to sea. I have often thought of that.'

'I don't see much fun in that,' replied Parker, yawning. 'I thought we were coming out for a lark, and I'm sure we haven't had much *fun;* and, Boothby, I thought last night that my mother

would be as frightened as anything. It's my opinion we've been two foolish chaps.'

Richard was silenced for a moment; his heart which had only been smothered under self-will and foolish indiscriminate revenge, smote him for a few minutes as he remembered the household in 'The Coalpit,' and all the anxiety they would feel, but he was determined to believe he had a right to be angry, and presently said—

'Don't be cast down; you will soon be able to explain everything to your mother as I shall to my father; our parents would never oblige us to be imposed on by a little sneaking ass of a fellow like Finch. He'll tremble when he hears, little sneak!' said Richard, clenching his fist and grinding his teeth. 'I'll be even with him. The boys are so tame at our school—I should like to get up a riot about him.'

'You'll wake the old woman if you get so loud, Dick. What a hard bed this is; eh, Boothby?—not like ours at home?'

'Rather hard, I confess; but then what is a man born for if he can't bear a plank now and then to sleep on? I've seen soldiers' sleeping-places when they're on duty; merely boards without any beds; and as to sailors, why they've only the softest plank to choose.'

'Oh, I dare say; I know better than that,

and at least boards are better than these bricks.'

'Well *I* don't complain, and a hard bed was of more consequence to me than to you this time—eh, Parker?'

'Why? Oh, ay; I dare say it was;' and he added very dismally, 'I say, Dick, what will the Doctor say? We shall both get it.'

'We'll see,' said Richard. 'I'm not afraid. We're going to have a fine day again. Now I'll show you my cave, and let us settle what we're going to do as we go on.'

They talked on in whispers, as the sun rose higher, and shone more broadly into the room, getting more valiant, yet neither, if he confessed the truth, was very lighthearted, though they tried to fancy themselves so; and as soon as the sleepers above began to stir, they rose, hung the cloak on the peg, and the rug over a chair, and left the house. They looked up at the window above as they went out: their hostess was there; she opened it and wished them good morning.

'Did you sleep well?'

'Quite well, thank you,' said Richard; 'many thanks for your shelter.'

'Young gentlemen, now you go back to your homes, and don't mind getting a beating or any-

thing. You've run away, haven't you, now? There's aching hearts that oughtn't to be aching, I'm thinking. Take your ways home; you don't mend matters.'

Boothby nodded and ran off.

'Meddlesome old body,' he said, as Parker reached him. 'We needn't, however, have minded her knife. I think, Parker, she must have kept it for fear of robbers.'

Parker assented to this new view of the case, and they went on for another hour or more. About seven o'clock they met with a boy of nearly their own age, of whom they asked their whereabouts, and after a little conversation he gave them a couple of small birds he had just caught. Richard, quite delighted at the present, set Parker to kill and pluck them, while he collected sticks and made a fire. He tried for some time to get a light by striking the iron heel of his boot with a stone, but finding this a long and doubtful process, he ran to a house at a little distance, begged two lucifer matches, and also bethought himself of some salt. They now soon had a fire and roasted their birds, which they ate in due time with some of their bread, reserving the quenching of their thirst till they should be happy enough to reach a pump or a spring. The day rolled on. Richard took his

friend into a coal mine, and initiated him into the mysteries of a 'judd' and a 'bore.' The remainder of the half-crown was spent in some more bread and a little beer, and to eke out their means Richard used his cross-bow and killed a rabbit, with which he decidedly had no business. This they also managed to skin and roast after some fashion, and Richard was in high spirits to think how well he should manage if left to shift for himself on a desert island. In the afternoon they came to a river where they bathed, lying down afterwards to sleep on some freshly-cut timber. Yet they would have given much to be at home, or even at school again, with a clear conscience. They awoke shivering: they had slept longer than they had intended, and now found that the evening was drawing on cold and cloudy. The aspect of the weather had changed considerably since the morning. The evening was fast closing in, and angry clouds were scudding across the sky. The boys were silent and spiritless; even Richard now hearkened to Parker's suggestion to go back, but they had wandered so far that he hardly knew the way, and there would soon be little light to guide them. However, they retraced their steps, as well as they were able, from the lonely spot on which they had fallen asleep, and

walked so briskly that they soon got thoroughly warmed. But not a land-mark was in sight. Over a wide heath, to which they were strangers, they wandered. All sides looked alike, and at length, when they were quite bewildered, and the darkness of night had fairly come on, the wind which had been rising fast for some hours, began to blow a gust, accompanied by pelting rain, which nearly took away their breath. Parker was thoroughly tired and worn out, and clung in alarm to his stronger companion, crying out at intervals—

'Oh, Boothby, Boothby! how wrong we have been. We shall die on this heath; we can't live through this night, and oh! what sorrow there will be at home.'

'Come along, and don't be afraid,' said Richard, kindly.

'Oh, I feel so cold, and so tired, and so weary and ill, I can't walk a step further. I am not fit to die, Dick.'

'You wont,' said Richard; 'put a good leg out, and we'll walk right across. We must get somewhere.'

'But we may fall into a pit, perhaps.'

'No; we'll be careful. Now, lean on me, and come along.'

And so Richard dragged, encouraged, and

supported his comrade for another hour against the pitiless storm; but the wild heath seemed still before them, for in the darkness they had not taken a direct line, but were making an unconscious circuit. Still Richard led bravely on, though his own frame was beginning to faint, and his heart failed him. At last, Parker sank down, saying—

'I can't go any further; don't leave me, Dick. Dick, did you ever pray?'

Richard felt nearly choked as he answered, 'Sometimes, Jack; but I can't now.'

'Oh, do just pray one word, for I know I am dying. Oh, Dick, if you get back, give my love to my mother, and tell her how sorry I was.'

It was with much difficulty that Richard made out these words; his own heart beat thickly and heavily as he supported his fainting comrade against himself, and the heavy, steady rain poured down on them as they knelt down on the heath. The home fireside, with its quiet enjoyment, rose before him, and he felt he would give worlds to be there.

'Hold on a little longer, Parker; keep up, old boy, we are getting on—we are near some trees now—a step or two further will place us in shelter.'

Parker did not answer, and Richard, fatigued and exhausted as he was himself, by the main force of despair, lifted his slighter companion, and carried him a few yards further; he staggered under a low tree; but the next step his foot found no support, it was hanging in air. Hampered with his burden, and too far over the edge to recede, Richard fell, with Parker in his arms. He gave utterance to one wild shout of horror, and the next moment he was rolling down a steep with his companion. Providentially, it was a very gradual declivity, and of no great length. They were presently brought up on a bed of bracken, shaken and breathless, but in some measure sheltered from the fury of the elements. Parker did not move, and Richard could only lie still for some minutes in suspense as to the state of his friend, but at length he rose, moved along on hands and knees, feeling cautiously by the bank from whence they had fallen, and dragging Parker with much difficulty, step by step, after him, at length had the comfort of feeling he had placed him in shelter, in what he believed to be the entrance to some cave; but here, at last, he was much alarmed at the stillness of his friend, and the still pouring rain and rushing wind prevented his hearing any breath or sigh that might escape him. He shook

him, bent over him, shouted in his ear, placed his own ear close to his mouth; but all in vain; there was nothing to relieve his anxiety—the arm he lifted hung limp in his hand, and Richard at last, in agony and exhaustion, sank on his friend in scarcely better condition, quite unable to move or care what became of him. How long he had lain he knew not, every moment had seemed an hour; he dared not pray for help, for he felt too fearful, too wicked, when he was just conscious of a lull in the noise of rain and wind; then another pause; then voices at a distance; then, nearer, a gleam of light flashed on the nook where he and Parker lay; then darkness, then the flash of light again; then a shout —voices nearer, nearer—quite close—talking—one voice he knew well exclaimed, 'Richard! Richard! my boy—my son!' He tried to speak, he tried to rise, but could not; his head reeled round, and, just aware that some one raised him, he lost all consciousness.

CHAPTER VI.

THE first thing of which Richard was conscious after he was raised from the ground, was again the sound of voices, and of being carried in the arms of some one up steps. He distinguished the tones as before, and knew he was in his own home; but was too weak and confused to make any effort to speak. There was a tumult of questions, and, as it seemed to him, a rushing and trampling of many feet.

'Oh, papa, what is the matter? Is he alive? —dear, dear Dick! Where did you find him? Miss Somers, he's come. They are found!—they are found!'

Then another tender voice, 'Oh, mon pauvre enfant! Mon tendre, mon choux! Ah, quel douleur! Quelle nuit affreuse. Mon cher Deeque!'

'Hush, hush!' said his bearer. 'Let me lay him down here. Take the other into my bedroom, and get warm baths as fast as you can.'

Richard knew that he was being undressed, and began to revive a little as his wet clothes were removed, and a hot blanket wrapped

round him, when he heard more talking near him.

'The boy is in your room, but he has not moved, sir. I fear it is a bad job.'

'I will be with him directly,' said his father's voice. But all Richard's newly coming powers were suddenly banished by the terrible tidings which he comprehended, though he could not ask a question, and he knew nothing more till the morning-light, shining on his old familiar bedroom, woke him from a deep sleep, with a consciousness of a heavy weight at his heart, and, as he attempted to move, an unusual sense of weakness. Henrietta was sitting by him. She uttered an exclamation of pleasure, but put her finger on her lips as she bent over him; and, giving him a long kiss, went to fetch his father, who returned with her in a minute or two. Richard looked very sadly in his father's face, and burst into tears. At last he said, 'Father, Parker!'

Mr. Boothby had looked very gravely at his son, though he laid his hand kindly on his forehead. He replied, 'Parker is better.'

Richard suddenly raised himself in bed, and clasped his hands, bursting into a fervent expression of gratitude that he had not killed his schoolfellow, and was so excited, that his father

had to lay him down, and remind him that his part was not to add to the anxiety he had already caused, but to keep quiet, and get well as fast as possible. Richard's constitution was strong, and a couple of days set him up again. Henrietta would never have left him, had not her father desired that he should receive no more than necessary attendance.

'He has brought it on himself, and must bear the penalty. It will be the best thing for him to be alone, and the sadder he is, the wiser will he be on future occasions. Henrietta, you must not make a pet of him, because he has been so thoughtless of us.'

Parker was much longer ill than Richard, and it was some days before he could be removed to his home. When Richard got about again, he discovered that the consequences of insubordination were not always as gratifying as they appear in the distance; as the French say, '*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*' It is astonishing how deluded they are who persist in following the bent of their own will, contrary to the dictates of conscience. The triumphs they gain, where they carry out their point, are dearly paid for by the uneasy restless spirit and actual loss of benefit; and I believe that every man and boy at the bottom of his heart, even when

persisting in wrong, acknowledges that 'the ways of wisdom are the ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace.'

Richard found, on his recovery, that things were far from being as straight as he could desire. He had a fashion, not uncommon with young gentlemen of his stamp, of imagining that every one about him must forget his offences as quickly as he was able to do; and his chagrin and uneasiness were great, when he found that he had placed, by his own act, a great barrier in the way of his progress and comfort. His father was grave and distant towards him, especially when, on the first day of his return to school, he was sent back by Dr. Babbage, who addressed but very few words to him on his appearance; but these few were of a portentous nature—'I do not want you here, sir; you may return home.'

Richard attempted to speak, but was quickly stopped with 'I have nothing to say to you. Leave the school—go at once.' It was small comfort to our hero that he discovered that his enemy, Mr. Finch, was to leave at the end of the half-year; he retreated silently, and remained in the vestibule till school was over, all his fortitude gone at the solemn aspect of things, and the Doctor and his school-fellows found him

sobbing bitterly when they came out. Granville came up to him, 'Richard, you had better go. Finch is coming out. Here, come along with me.' The boys had begun to crowd round him with real expressions of condolence, when Granville took hold of his arm and led him into a class-room, saying to the boys as he did so—

'Finch is coming!'

'How could you be such a fool, Boothby?' he said, as soon as they were alone. 'You've done for yourself now. If a boy is expelled from school he does himself a mischief all his life, and is shut out of half the professions. How can you be so proud and headlong? Are you, of all boys, to be the only one who is never to submit to any government? All the boys, nay, even some of the masters, took your side against Finch, and when you have got off better than you had any right to expect, you go and play such donkey's tricks as to get right into the very teeth of the law. You know you behaved shamefully to Finch, and richly deserved the flogging you got; didn't you, now?' Richard acknowledged it.

'Then why, for goodness' sake, couldn't you behave like a man, and take your punishment, and do better? But no, your pride must show fight even to the Doctor. You see it is the way

things always fall out; if we don't take our punishment in a proper spirit, we always find a worse one on its heels. It will be so all through life, Dick, I believe, and you'll have a hard life unless you learn to obey before you try to be master.'

'I can't go home, Granville,' sobbed Richard. 'I can't. My father will never speak to me. He has been so kind to me, I can't bear it. How can I tell him?'

'And was all this worth while, eh, Boothby?'

'I didn't think of it, Granville; I didn't think of it.'

Granville shook his head pityingly as he said, 'You only thought of revenging yourself. On whom has the revenge fallen? On yourself and those you love best.'

'Granville—Granville,' sobbed Richard, 'beg for me. I will do anything, submit to anything, if Dr. Babbage will let me stay. I will even beg Finch's pardon. The Doctor may beat me before the school, if he likes—anything.'

'Here is the Doctor,' said Granville.

Dr. Babbage looked into the room, he stopped as he caught sight of the two, and Richard darted forward with an earnest appeal to be allowed to remain under any conditions, with many expressions of contrition. The Doctor put

him aside with a frown, merely saying, 'You here still, sir? Did you not understand me when I told you to go? Now—at once. I cannot hear you. I have nothing whatever to say to you.'

Then, as Richard in his agony of supplication seized his gown to stay him, he unclasped the hands that held him, and put him roughly away, adding, 'Am I to be obeyed? Granville, call the porter here. If you do not go, sir, you shall be put out.'

Richard did at once as he was desired, waited but a minute or two in the vestibule to swallow down his tears and conceal his distress as well as he could, and then marched out, at first determining to run away again and hide his disgrace at sea; but he could not again so soon add to the trouble of the kind hearts at home, and after a struggle with himself turned his steps towards the Old Coalpit. It was a very sad day, that day, at home. Henrietta and Pauline wept with him, and almost thought his father cruel in sending Richard to his own room for the remainder of the day. He knew better than his sympathisers did, how evanescent Richard's sorrow was likely to prove, and it was well that he who had brought suffering and sorrow on them all, should be the

greatest sufferer himself. The next day he had a long and grave conversation with his son, and after obtaining from him a promise of great attention to every thing at home, and assurances of proper obedience and good conduct, he agreed to ride over to Furstcastle, to see if he could persuade Dr. Babbage to give him any chance of restoration to school after a time of trial. Richard did not hear anything till the next morning, as his father did not return till late at night, and when he did hear what his father had to tell, there was but a little hope in the news—'Dr. Babbage would think about it, but he could not let Richard return for the remainder of the half-year, and it would depend on what he heard of his conduct, whether he ever allowed him to have another trial.' For the next few months Mr. Boothby watched his son carefully, and was very strict with him, and it was only when, by a steady course of conduct and attention to such lessons as were given him at home, he had won for himself some degree of confidence, that his distance and coolness relaxed. We are happy to say that Dr. Babbage allowed him to return to the Grammar School after the holidays, and that during the rest of his school career he conducted himself with respectability.

CHAPTER VII.

MONTHS had passed away. Richard Boothby had been reinstated in his place, and had almost forgotten he had ever lost it; when, one fine autumn day, a large party from the neighbourhood came to pic-nic in the woods belonging to the Old Coalpit. It was a half-holiday at school, and Richard was in the wood with Edith, gathering blackberries, when they suddenly came upon a small group of the visitors. There was in this part of the wood an open, sunny glade, surrounded by young trees, on one side of which rose a clear, blue spring of water, carefully arched over with large stones, from which dropped the beautiful hart's tongue and mother of thousands. Near this little fount, under the shade of a beech, sat four or five children and two older persons—a young man, whom Richard at once recognised as his schoolfellow Granville, and a lady. One of the children, a little girl, of about ten years old, particularly attracted Richard's notice, and he stood for some minutes at the entrance of the glade, unseen by the party, watching her movements.

Edith knew by the sounds that they were near a stray party, and her instinct telling her that Richard had found something to interest him, kept her standing by him quite quietly, without making any remark. The little girl, who went by the name of 'Baby' among her friends, was weaving a long wreath of bryony and bindweed. She was sitting close by the water, with her large hat on the ground, full of flowers, and her white dress, fair face, and short, sunny curls, quite won Richard's boyish fancy, even before he was further entranced by the sound of her pretty merry laugh and voice.

'Now, Baby,' said one of her friends, 'weave away. It must be a great deal longer and stronger to chain him. She thinks Edgar Granville will let her tie him as she likes, and not attempt to break his chain; don't you, Baby?' said a boy of about Richard's age.

'Your chains may look flowery, but they are very strong, are they not?'

'I don't think Mr. Granville will let me put it on at all,' said Baby, laughing. 'I shall be obliged to get behind him, and trick him into wearing it. He told me I could not; but I should like to try. He said he would wear it if I could get it on his neck. Oh, see what pretty long fern-leaves there are there, by

the side of the well. Tom, could you get me some?'

The boy jumped up to get the hart's tongue, and the child pulled some more flowers from her hat.

'What a curious, pretty brown stick. Oh no, it moves! Oh dear, what is it? Take it away!'

She tried to get up, and move backwards; but the wreath caught her feet, and she fell down, as a small snake which she had dropped coiled itself up for a spring. Richard saw it all in an instant. Her friends shrunk back in affright, crying out, 'A snake! An adder! Mr. Granville, kill it!'

Before, however, the gentleman adjured could comprehend what was wanted, Richard had darted forward, seized the snake with the utmost intrepidity, and flung it to a considerable distance. He then lifted Baby up, told all was safe, and that he would go and find the snake and kill it. Granville had by this time reached the younger ones, and they all crowded round Baby to sympathise with her in her alarm.

'Boothby, you rash fellow!' said Granville. 'You are not hurt, are you?'

'Oh, dear no, not a bit,' replied Richard. 'But I do think this time you ought not to call me *rash*. The snake would have flown at her

in another second. I took him off his guard; he wasn't prepared for me.'

'Well, you are certainly a *brave* fellow.'

'Not so particularly brave, neither,' answered Richard. 'It wasn't going to dart at me. But I am very glad I was near. I am used to these things, which, I suppose, none of you are.'

'I hardly saw anything,' said Tom. 'I was going to gather a fern for her, and had my back turned. I couldn't make out what was the matter till too late.'

'The snake was an adder,' said Richard. 'They are sometimes found about here, and they could kill a little girl. I am only sorry I could not kill it; but I hadn't anything, and the only chance was getting it away. I'll go and see if I can find it now, Granville, if you will lend me your stick.'

'You had better stay where you are, securely,' said Granville, 'and let this young lady thank you properly. Miss Mildred Erle, commonly called 'Baby,' allow me to present my school-fellow to your notice,—Mr. Richard Boothby; and now make him your very prettiest speech.'

'Baby' gave him her hand very shyly. 'I don't know what to say to you, Master Boothby. I wish I could do anything for you: I thank you very much, and I am so glad you are not hurt.'

Richard assured her again that there never

had been any fear of that, and most gallantly begged, as the greatest boon she could bestow, the unfinished garland she had been weaving. She laughed, and demurred at the worth of the wreath, but gave it to him, and Richard knelt before her, in play, that she might put it round him. But Granville had now brought Edith to the party, and made her as much at home as he could among the children, who were very polite and attentive to her, and greatly touched and interested by her blindness. They were now all excellent friends, and the fright caused by the adder had vanished, when two or three more children emerged from the wood in search of the party. One of the foremost ran up, crying—

'They are going to see the old tower at the Priory, Mr. Granville. Papa thought you would like to see it too.'

'You know it well enough, Granville,' said Richard; 'the old tower to which you have once or twice, to my knowledge, strayed.'

'Oh, but they want Mr. Granville, I dare say,' said Tom, 'because he knows something about architecture. *I* shan't go; I don't care anything about towers and doorways.'

'Oh, is it *that* old tower?' asked Baby, eagerly; 'let me go too; I want to see it. May I go with you, Mr. Granville?'

'Oh, anybody may go that likes,' said the

messenger who had summoned Granville. 'We are ever so many of us going.'

Baby no longer hesitated, put her hand into Granville's, and went off with him. One or two of the original party, by the spring, remained where they were, and as they made much of Richard, he did not like to leave them abruptly; but he felt rather desirous to follow the party to the Priory Farm, and as soon as he could politely leave his new friends he took Edith away and went homewards. Having left his little sister in safety at home, he ran off in the direction of the Priory, and arrived at the old tower just as a body of gaily dressed ladies and gentlemen were leaving it, bowed out with hearty courtesy by the farmer himself. A party of children were playing at hide and seek in the tower; but Richard looked in vain for Baby. At last, he inquired for Miss Erle, and was answered that they were looking for her.

'It was her turn to hide; but she has hidden herself so completely, that we cannot find her,' said one.

Richard assisted them to hunt high and low, but they could see nothing of her, and at last they concluded that she must have gone away with the large grown-up party without being perceived, and, calling her a 'sly, unfair

thing,' they went off, as it was now time for them to meet to return home.

Richard bade them good-bye, not a little disappointed that he could not see Mildred again; but a strange feeling, for which he could not account, made him linger about the tower. The farm-servants were not often near this spot, unless it were in working hours, for tools that might be wanted, and all was still and calm; grey light was stealing over the sky, the sound of the voices gradually died away as they receded from the farm, till at length the deep tones of the farmer's voice at the house door, and the reply of the servant whom he addressed (the whole dialogue being quite unintelligible, from the intervening space between the tower and the dwelling-house), were the only distinct sounds that reached his ear. Some sense of an undefinable curiosity made him enter the tower, every nook of which was as familiar to him as the Cloister; and, while in the lower floor, he was startled by some strange sounds, as it seemed, from the centre of the tower above. He started, and, at first, moved towards the door; but he was no coward, and though a legend of by-gone days connected with the Priory, recurred forcibly to his memory, he stood his ground and listened attentively. Again; yes—there was no mis-

take; something was moving above. The slits in the round tower did not admit any great amount of light, and the gloom of the place, coupled with the silence around, was enough to excuse a little natural hesitation in exploring the recesses of the old place; and Richard was beginning to decide that the noise must proceed from bats or rats, and to determine to leave them to their vagaries, when a faint cry, and a dull knocking, seemed to stagnate his blood. He began to think of the propriety of running to the farmhouse for some one, when a sudden thought seized him, and uttering the word 'Baby!' he mounted the steep, uneven stairs, as well as he was able, and was presently in the first-floor room, which, wanting the light admitted through the doorway, was very dark. He could not distinguish anything like a human object; but the sounds were unmistakeable here, and proceeded from a corner of the room. With a little natural shrinking from the apparent mystery, and yet boldly walking forward, Richard went straight to the corner whence the noise issued, and again shouted 'Baby!' first rather timidly, and then louder. There was nothing to be seen but a large, heavy corn binn, which had not been removed since the room had been disused, and near his feet was a hole in the

floor, round which a rude railing ran. The sounds evidently proceeded from the chest, and Richard, putting his mouth down to it, shouted 'Are you here, Miss Erle?' A faint 'yes,' and 'save me,' confirmed the suspicion, and he tried, but in vain, to raise the lid of the chest.

'Wait a little,' he shouted. 'You shall be out directly. I am going to fetch some one, and will be back very soon.'

'Come quickly; I can't breathe,' he fancied she said; but the little voice was very feeble, and Richard almost fell down stairs as he bounded along to the farm house for assistance. The farmer and his man were with him directly, and in a few minutes they were all at the bin, which the farmer opened without much difficulty, as he knew the secret of the spring with which it closed. Little Mildred was there quite exhausted and almost senseless from fright and want of air. The farmer lifted her out, and with many comments on the beauty and innocence of 'the little lamb,' and wondering ejaculations as to how she could possibly have got in there, he carried her, followed by Richard, to the house, where in a short time, with the help of some smelling-salts which Mrs. Jones provided, and some nice hot tea, Baby was herself again, and able to tell how it happened. The

story was simple enough: she had got into the chest, the lid of which was partially open, and congratulating herself on finding so good a hiding-place, had taken care to be very still; the other children had fairly left the tower tired with hunting for her, when she attempted to get out. But it was more difficult to get out than in, and in climbing up she somehow dislodged the prop which supported the lid, and it fell upon her, and when after the first shock of falling on the bottom of the bin, in her fright she had tried to raise the heavy lid, she found it would not move.

'She's had a narrow escape, mother,' said Mr. Jones. 'If it hadn't been for Master Boothby, I fear, my lamb, you'd never have come out alive, for we don't go near that place not once in a twelvemonth after sunset; the men wouldn't for their lives. Well, God's over all, my dear, and no doubt he puts it into people's hearts to do things they wouldn't think of most times, when he means to take care of any of his creatures, and we mustn't forget His hand, my lamb.'

'But, I say, Jones,' said his wife, 'we must get her home, or her parents will be anxious, poor things. They'll find it out soon.'

'Ay, surely, but I'm thinking it wont be easy

to take her to Furstcastle to-night—she can't walk. And is the squire there or at the other place now, my dear?'

Baby replied that they were living in the town now, and after some cogitation, Richard got leave to take her to his own home, and the farmer, who could not well take the child home that night, sent one of his servants on to the town to relieve the fears of Mr. and Mrs. Erle, and to tell them that their daughter would be safely housed for the night at the Cloister.

Richard was very proud of his little charge, and very kindly was she received and looked after by his sisters and Miss Somers, to say nothing of Pauline. She soon recovered from her alarm, and after a comfortable tea, was taken to sleep with Henrietta, who reported that the night was rather restless, but beyond this there was no further symptom of any ill-effects from the serious adventure.

Mr. and Mrs. Erle came to the Old Coalpit early the next morning for their child, full of deep gratitude on her account. They were anxious to see Richard, but he had set off to school, having bidden good-bye to his little friend before he started.

CHAPTER VIII.

'RICHARD, what have you got there?' exclaimed George one afternoon, as his brother came into the back garden staggering under the weight of a heavy iron bar. 'What can you be going to do?'

'You'll see presently,' replied Richard, halting. 'Where's Parker? Oh, here you are, Jack. Now where shall we begin?'

'One place is as good as another, for anything I see,' said Parker. 'I vote for the place where the ground's softest.'

'What an idle fellow you are,' exclaimed Richard. 'Give *me* a piece of rock, and let me feel I'm doing something. Why, man alive, I don't want a bore for mould. I could kick a hole with my toe, or at least a knitting-needle would do.'

'But what are you going to do, Parker? Dick wont tell me,' asked George.

'You'll see,' replied Parker, looking very important, as he carefully balanced a second iron bar, which he had brought with him, against the

house wall. 'Now, Boothby, let's work away. Why can't we begin here at once?'

'It's too near the surgery,' said Richard; 'the patients will fall into the well.'

'Oh, I know now!' exclaimed George, clapping his hands. 'It's a well—it's a well! You're going to bore an Artesian well like that papa explained to us. Where did you get the bore, Dick? I shall come and see.'

'Yes, and we shan't have to go far for water to water the garden, you know, George.'

'We haven't got very far to go now,' said George. 'But shan't you be a very long time getting to the water?'

'That depends upon circumstances,' answered Richard. 'Now, Parker, for the place. This is too near the surgery; let us go near the hedge.'

'Perhaps Edith may fall into it,' exclaimed George. 'She plays by herself sometimes in the garden.'

'Oh, botheration!' ejaculated Richard. 'Oh, I have it, Parker; here's a nice place, quite safe, just under the shed. Nobody goes here for anything except for some straw sometimes, and there isn't any there now.'

'Besides,' said Parker, 'we shall be some days making a hole big enough to drown anybody,

and by that time we can build a wall or a railing.'

'So we can,' said Richard. 'Well, then, here goes.'

Accordingly the young gentlemen shouldered their implements, which had been surreptitiously obtained from Farmer Jones's premises, and set to work in high glee, throwing off cap and jacket in anticipation of an hour or two's hard work. The first setting up of the auger was attended with several disasters, but at length to their great delight they had the satisfaction of feeling that they had a firm hold and were boring into something. On they went swimmingly.

'I didn't think it was half such easy work,' said Richard, complacently, as they walked round.

'Nor I,' replied Parker. 'But I say, how the ground shakes, doesn't it?'

'It does rather,' said Richard. 'Look how the bore is going in. I say! what's that crash? Hoy! hold on! Out of the way—we're all going in together.'

The boys sprang backwards as the ground rapidly gave way with a tearing sound as if there were wood below, and the bore suddenly sank up to the cross-bar handles, by which it

appeared supported as on the side of some wall from which the earth was giving way towards the centre bore. There was evidently an aperture made, for the disturbed soil and small stones dislodged were slowly pouring down round the bore. The young workmen stood looking on in great amazement and some dismay for some minutes, when all seemed again quiet, but they were afraid to attempt to raise the bore.

Richard spoke first, and declared it was 'a go,' wondering what Farmer Jones would say.

'There's one comfort, it isn't lost, you see, Parker. I'll get one of the men at the Farm to come and help us this evening, and then it'll be all right except this hole. There must be a well already made to our hands, I think.'

'Well, that'll be jolly anyhow,' remarked George. 'But look! the ground is sinking again, Dick; there go some more stones. I should be almost afraid to tread on the place.'

'Oh, so should I,' replied Richard, gravely. 'Be sure you don't try, George.'

'Then how will you get out the bore?' asked Parker.

'Oh, the men will know how. I wonder what it is; I'll listen if the stones fall into water.'

He laid himself down with his ear close to the ground, but could hear nothing.

'It's very odd,' he said, after a few minutes' profound investigation.

'Don't you think we ought to tell somebody?' asked George. 'Some one may tread on it without knowing.'

'It'll be as much as your night's rest is worth, sir, if you dare,' exclaimed Richard, fiercely; 'till I get the bore home, I'll take care of it, and mind you don't go telling anybody, Mr. George, till I speak myself. It isn't your business; Parker and I will get some stones and boards round the place in case any one should come by accident, which wont be, I know. You'll get us into some scrape if you mind business which isn't yours. Do you hear, now?'

George promised secrecy with rather a doubtful air, and Richard desired him to help to bring things for a barricade, and they together had collected a few things in the shape of some pieces of broken paling, a large stone or two, a plank, and a rabbit-hutch belonging to George, when a voice calling Richard and George at no great distance disturbed them.

'There, you run, Georgie—I'll come; run and tell them I'm coming.'

'Oh, but Dick, don't take my rabbits. That's

the hutch papa made me himself, and perhaps it'll get hurt.'

'Get along; I wont let it be hurt in the very least bit. Now go—that's a good fellow,' replied Richard. 'Tell them I'm coming.'

'Will you promise to put the hutch in its place, then, or I wont go?' said George, sturdily.

Richard was on the point of getting into a furious passion with his brother, when the repetition of his name much nearer, suggested to him the policy of keeping peace, and he impatiently gave the desired word that he would see the hutch was moved, and George ran away. He soon returned to the entrance of the shed to summon his brother, and to tell him that the little girl he assisted was come with her mother, and wanted to see him 'at once.'

'What, that dear little *Baby?* Parker, look after it all—take care of George's hutch, old fellow. You'll do some now, and I'll come by-and-bye, when the ladies are gone.'

Away ran our hero. He dashed into the house, into his bed-room, dipped his face into a basin of water, and, rubbing it round with a towel, left a too frequent ring round the margin which his family were in the habit of calling 'Richard's ring,' but which he stoutly defended as 'a shadow,' which always unfortunately fell

more on his face than on that of most people. Then combing his hair in front with the same dispatch, he rubbed his hands with hard brush and soap something short of the wrists, left the soap in the water, and ran down to the oak parlour, quite indifferent to the possession of a very dusty suit of clothes, soapy cuffs, and a dusky ring round his rosy face. He turned the handle of the door in his usual noisy fashion; but became suddenly sobered at finding himself in the presence of two ladies most elegantly attired, and his little friend, who, in a dainty white frock and hat, was examining under Henrietta's ciceronage one of the old painted panels, looking far too clean and fairy-like to be gazed upon by any but beings of the most spotless tastes. As Richard passed her on his way to her mamma, he held out his hand with a shy but pleased gesture, and Henrietta murmured—'Substance and shadow. Oh, Dick, may your shadow ever grow less.'

Richard heard the remark, and understood it, though Mildred looked up puzzled, as her new friend crossed the room more shy than ever, and becoming painfully conscious of all blemishes in his condition and attire by the time he reached Mrs. Erle, whose good-tempered, half-satirical gaze ran over him from head to foot, making

him regret he had not paid more attention, this time, to his outer man. He hardly liked to touch the lady's delicate gloves with his half-washed hands, and his father remarked that he supposed he had forgotten that he was coming into a lady's presence.

'You have been rolling on the ground, I fancy, have you not?' said Mrs. Erle, smiling.

'I believe I have,' replied Richard, blushing scarlet. 'I beg your pardon, ma'am, I forgot—'

'Never mind; I know what things boys will occasionally do,' replied the lady. 'Baby, darling, come and speak to Master Boothby.'

Little Mildred obeyed, and again offered her little hand to her protector with a friendly smile; but Richard stood a little aloof.

'I'm not fit to touch your nice gloves,' he said, after a pause.

'Oh, I'm sure I've often seen Willie as bad as you are, when we're in the country; haven't we, mamma?'

'Not much better, I think,' said Mrs. Erle. 'You must give us an opportunity of comparing notes. Master Boothby, your father has promised to spare you to visit us to-morrow, if you will come. We are going from home in a few days, and want to have you at once, that we may

lose no time in becoming acquainted; will you come?'

'Do,' said Mildred, 'for I want you to see papa and Willie.'

'It is quite left in your own hands,' said Mrs. Erle. 'You are to come straight to us after school, and remain with us all night, as it is so great a distance. You will, you see, have to keep yourself clean for a day, to be ready for the evening,' she added, laughing. 'Will that be too great a tax?'

'I hope not, for the pleasure of seeing your little girl,' said Richard, gallantly. 'I think I can manage for once.'

'Well, we wont be very hard upon you—you shall have soap and water at least,' said Mrs. Erle, kindly. 'I know too much of the charms that mud has for some of your kind, to be too exacting.'

After a little longer visit, during which Mildred was taken to see the garden and their own peculiar domains, the visitors took their leave, with the understanding that Richard was to spend the next evening at Mr. Erle's. As Mrs. Erle bade Richard good-bye, she put into his hands a small parcel, and begged him to keep it in remembrance of her. What was Richard's delight on opening it, with his brothers and

sisters round him, to find a stout little silver watch, with an inscription inside the case, to the purport that it was presented by Mildred Erle to Richard Boothby, on such a date. It was some time before Richard could make up his mind to conceal his new watch within his waistcoat pocket, and in spite of warnings from his father and sister, it was often out and the silk guard off his neck to try experiments in wearing it.

'Your guard is not long enough, Dick, to wear your watch that way,' said Henrietta; 'I will get you another to-morrow.'

'Ah, but see, if I just fasten it in the top button of my shirt, and don't put it round my neck, I can manage it beautifully, Hetty. I shall go and show it to Pauline.'

'And, Richard, put the guard round your neck,' said his father, as he left the room. 'I should be exceedingly sorry if any accident were to happen to the watch Mrs. Erle has been so kind as to give you.'

Richard made no answer; but secretly, in the self-will of his own heart, determined to wear 'his own watch as he liked.' About an hour after, he was summoned to tea; and, in order that his father should not see that his command was not obeyed, he tucked into his pocket the superabundant portion of the guard, which he

had arranged to hang in an elegant festoon in front of his waistcoat.

'Do you know where papa is, Dick?' asked Henrietta.

'Gone to see some patients, I suppose. I don't think he meant to go out this afternoon. The servants say only two patients have been here since Mrs. Erle went, and he saw them in the surgery. Ann does not think he went out; at least he has not the horse or the pony.'

Mr. Boothby was so often away at tea-time, that the children never waited for him, and tea was half over, when a thought flashed across Richard's mind—a thought that turned him cold and sick. He tried to drive it away; but at length he got hastily up, and left the room.

'What's the matter with Richard?' said Miss Somers. 'I saw something was the matter before he went out of the room.'

'Did you?' said Henrietta. 'Well, I remember now, he became silent all of a sudden. I will go and find him presently.'

Meantime Richard ran out of the house. He paused when in the garden, full of the most sickening apprehensions, afraid to realize that dreadful fear that had stolen over him. At last he found his way to the shed. It was already dusk, and the trees and high wall near at hand

added to the obscurity. All was still; Richard stepped in; the white rabbit-hutch directed his attention to the place. He drew near, but it was so dark that he could distinguish nothing without going quite close, and feeling. Guiding himself by the hutch, he leaned over, and reached down his hand; he could feel nothing—all seemed profoundly dark before his eyes, except where the last rays of light fell on the iron bar, which reflected a faint streak. Richard nearly fainted in his horrible despair. 'Father!' he whispered; then shouted down what seemed an abyss to his sight. There was a dull heavy sound of his own voice travelling down a deep gulf, and as the horrible thought forced itself still more strongly on his mind that the slight covering of earth had given way under some tread, he felt his support slide from beneath him, a noisy, tearing sound, and he fell over—down—down—headlong, with a fearful cry of distress. Oh! the horror of that moment. Every event of his short life seemed mapped before him in the next second or two—things long forgotten, things of no importance, and things he thought of no importance, but which now assumed a different aspect. It was too sudden, too awful, to pray, in that rushing, giddy whirl—a shock as if he were nearly

shaken to pieces. He thought all was over, but was presently conscious that, except a blow on the forehead, he was unhurt, and that he must be suspended; he could feel no footing, nor, as he stretched his hands on each side, was there anything to be touched. Pieces of the *débris* were falling from time to time on him from above; and down, far below him, he heard the dull sound of his support as it touched some distant bottom. Presently something fell from him, from one of his pockets; Richard listened with horror to the sound, as striking the sides of the fearful hole it fell down to that depth below. He dared not move, hardly dared cry out, for fear of shaking himself down, ignorant as he was of what held him; and it would be impossible to paint the fearful agony of mind he was in—the fear that some one, dearer than himself, by his fault, lay down in that depth, and, for aught he knew, the next minute he might himself be dashed to pieces in like manner. Richard's agony was so great that he almost wished he might fall; but, then, he shuddered and feared to die, and cried to God for help, and vowed, as many have done in such times, better service to his Maker, if spared and pardoned. He had really been hanging there but ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour, though he felt

as if the minutes had been hours, when he heard the sound of voices near the mouth of the pit, and presently there was a faint glimmer, as of a very distant light for a moment. He was, however, hanging by the back of his jacket in such a manner that his face was towards the bottom of the pit, and he had no means of ascertaining from what the light proceeded. Another long pause, and there was a shout; it was Henrietta's voice—'Richard! Oh! Richard!'—and he became aware, from the distance of the voice, of the height from which he had fallen. He uttered a feeble cry in return; with the hope of succour came again that terrible horror and indifference to life. It was evident his cry had been heard, for presently Henrietta's voice cried—

'Help is coming! Keep up!'

Before very long, very slowly and gently a lanthorn touched his head, and passed him, throwing a broad yellow light on him, and far down into the black pit. As it passed his hands he caught it, and presently there was another shout, in which Pauline's voice was very plain. Then Richard heard the murmuring of men's voices; then another light came nearer and nearer. At least Richard thought he distinguished the flickering of a second on the sides of the pit, and

before he could well distinguish it, in his position, from the light of the lanthorn he held, a voice near him, that seemed to stagnate his very blood in wild joy, called out, in a clear, deep tone,

'Stop! Now gently—gently—very gently.'

Presently, guiding it carefully by the side of the pit, came one man in a tub, which was fastened strongly and safely in an ingenious tackle. A lanthorn was attached to one of the ropes, and in another second the machine was just below the boy. Standing in the tub—its sole occupant—was his father. He said not a word, but quietly detached his son from the large nail from which he had hung and lifted him into the tub. Mr. Boothby had need of all strength of mind and cool courage. He shuddered as he laid Richard down in safety, for the rusty nail that had had command to hold his son till help could arrive, gave way in the exertion he made to extricate Richard, and fell from his hand down to the bottom.

There was a moment's dead silence, for those above could see the process below, by the strong light which was thrown on the two figures. Mr. Boothby stood a moment with one hand grasping the guiding-rope, and just uttered a deep ejaculation of gratitude. In after times Richard never forgot that fervent 'My God! I thank

thee!' Then he gave the order to the men above, and the tub was slowly and carefully drawn up to the top, among the rejoicing and clamour of his tearful brothers and sisters. Mr. Boothby stepped out first, and drew the tub still further from the edge before he lifted Richard out.

'My dear children, you must be quiet,' he said, very gently. 'Richard has had a great shock; we must keep him very quiet.'

He turned round and thanked the men who had been so active in assisting him, and lifted Richard again in his arms.

'Sir, let me do it,' said one of the men, 'you aint fit. That going down's 'most too much for any one.'

Mr. Boothby was obliged to yield his burden to the man, for now the work was over all his strength seemed to forsake him at once, and it was with great difficulty that he got into the house. Richard attempted to get on his feet, and insisted on being allowed to walk, but fell down, and, in spite of himself, was borne into the parlour and laid on the sofa, where Henrietta, Miss Somers, and Pauline, under his father's directions, brought the necessary restoratives for both. As soon as they were sufficiently revived, Mr. Boothby called the household together, and

drawing near the sofa on which Richard lay, offered a short but solemn thanksgiving for the great mercy vouchsafed.

We shall draw a veil over much that followed this serious lesson. It did not seem to be without its use to Richard. He was very ill for some time, in consequence of the great shock to his nervous system, and in his delirium raved about his father, and his forgetfulness of his promise to George, calling constantly on God to forgive him and help him; and most tender was the time when he could again fully understand all the goodness shown him by his Heavenly and earthly father. There were many sweet and important lessons, given him by his father during his loving ministry by his sick bed, and many fervent prayers offered up that he might learn lasting good by this serious time; and for many months after, Richard was more careful, and more obedient and gentle; but we are sorry to say this goodness was transient, and when the vivid remembrance of mental sufferings and a fearful danger, was past, Richard relapsed into many of his former habits.

It was noticed that he was less careless ever after this time, but his self-will was not yet cured; he was yet, as the Bible says, 'as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke,' and had many

hard lessons to learn before he could understand that he must learn to bear it.

George's distress at the loss of his rabbits was nearly merged in the great escape Richard had had, and his kind father repaired the loss the first opportunity, but Richard's watch was gone for ever. The bottom of the pit,—which perhaps my readers have guessed, was the shaft of an exhausted coalpit,—was full of water, and no one made any attempt to recover the lost property; and had there been no water, it is most probable the air would have been too foul to allow of any descent, but, as I said before, none was attempted. A torch had been lowered down sufficiently to explore the nature of the shaft, and then the pit was carefully and securely closed, and a low wall built round to prevent future accidents.

CHAPTER IX.

THREE years passed. Richard was now a youth of sixteen, possessed of sufficient ability, strength, and health, to look forward to winning his bread in as creditable and satisfactory a manner as any young man in his station in life. He was fairly educated, had kind and influential friends, and there were moderate means of placing him out in the world in any career he might be likely to choose, and it was now beginning to be time that a profession should be chosen for him. His acquaintance with his little friend Mildred had increased much, and he was now a great favourite, not only with Mildred and her brother, but with Mr. and Mrs. Erle; and Mr. Erle had offered to take him into his counting-house if he should, on consideration, like to choose a merchant's life. It was on the occasion of this offer that Richard and his father had one or two long conversations on his choice, and the result of a week's consultation was the election of the medical profession by our hero. He had been alone

with his father the greater part of one evening, very happily employed in fixing slides for the microscope, in which Richard was now as handy as his father, when Mr. Boothby suddenly pushed aside his work and leaned back in his chair.

'So, then, Richard, you think you have quite made up your mind? When you were a very little boy, you used to say, '*I shall be a doctor, like papa*;' but as these infantile fancies are generally nothing more than a sense of papa's importance, I never set any store by the determination. Then I can answer Mr. Erle at once; or will you have another week to think about it?'

'I feel my own mind quite made up,' said Richard. 'I have thought about it, as you begged me, very much, lately, and I don't think I shall like anything better; there are not many things else in which you are your own master. Now there's Smith, at the bank, he is the junior, and will be so for a long time, and he is obliged to be at everybody's beck and call, and is not supposed to have any feelings of his own. I couldn't bear to be knocked about as he is, and then——'

Richard paused, for he was conscious that his father was listening curiously.

'Well,' remarked Mr. Boothby, 'is that

your only reason for adopting the medical profession?'

'Oh, not entirely, of course, papa.'

'Just give me your other reasons, then.'

'Well, I think it will suit me. It is in a measure exciting, and there are new and curious things going, and you've got something to think about, and something to do, and it's not humdrum work—and you're a gentleman.'

'And it requires great patience, and self-denial, and industry, and nerve; gentleness and consideration for others. Are you equal to all this, Dick?'

Richard coloured a little as he answered, 'Well, father, I don't know that a fellow thinks about all these things when he thinks what he'd like to be.'

'But don't you think that he would do well to think of them sometimes a little? Do you not think that when a boy reaches the age of sixteen, he is old enough to think a little of the cost of his enterprise, and for what he should really live. I don't want my son to rush into a profession without consideration, and then find that he has none of the qualifications required. Now think, and then answer me. Will you go over these necessary qualifications for a successful surgeon again? *Patience*—'

Richard fidgeted in his seat.

'Well, father, I know I'm as impatient as—but what's a fellow to do? Perhaps I may grow more patient if I try.'

'There's no saying, certainly, what you may do if you try,' said Mr. Boothby. 'Now, *self-denial?*'

'I don't know. I think I could deny myself a great many things, if I saw a reason. I could for you, for Hetty—for little Edith.'

'Perhaps my idea of self-denial goes further than yours, Dick; self-denial in temper, &c. A doctor's life involves very great denial of self in many shapes—rest, ease, comfort, pleasure, and that increasingly, if he succeed in his profession; but I will suppose that you have this as you say—that you are capable of self-denial for the tiresome, the uninteresting, the silly, the feeble, the stranger. Now for the next—*industry?*'

Richard replied that he could not say much for himself.

'But then you know, father, whatever I take up, I must be industrious to some extent; so, if I like a thing, I am more likely to be industrious than if I don't; and you know even Dr. Babbage thinks I am much improved—and, then, *nerve*. Surely, father, I don't want nerve, do I?'

'No, you do not want that; neither are you without gentleness for the helpless and feeble, Richard. You only want to see that, at times, gentleness has to be exerted in cases in which at present you would often be rough; but time, experience, and right feeling will soon set that to rights. *Consideration for others* will put that right. Now for the question of being your own master, Richard. That is the rock on which you are always splitting; and, Dick, you will split and split, till your barque goes to pieces, my boy, if you will not learn that, before a man reaches the top, he must be at the bottom—he *must climb*. If he will be chiefest, he must be servant of all. Every man bows to something. Every man who is anything great, or does anything great, submits somewhere, Dick; and he is a wise man who can see where he is to submit,—which is rightful authority. Did it ever strike you what a hell earth would be, if every man had your determination to be master by mere self-will? I want, if I can, Dick, to save you pain, which you must suffer, if you wont learn from the experience of others. I warn you, that a man must at some time wear the yoke of obedience. It is good for him if he wear it in his youth; for he will surely find that his true manhood never comes till he has

borne it. He never properly puts his manhood on, or is recognised as a man fit for anything, till he has in some measure and manner borne the yoke of servitude. I don't want to give you a long sermon; but, if you mean to make a good surgeon, you will have to yield for some years longer, to proper authority; and, even when you have passed all examinations, and are launched forth as a man ready to take your part in life, you will find that many things besides absence of tutors and governors go to make a man his own master, Dick.' Mr. Boothby spoke with much emotion:—'One thing you need, my boy, and, when you know your duty to our common Master, all other lawful submission will be easy. Think over it all another week, as I would have you think, and the Lord give you understanding.'

He rose as he spoke, and laid his hand solemnly on his son's head; Richard felt very serious at the time, but as his father said, one thing he had not, and there were many lessons yet in store for him before he could know how much folly and instability were in him; and though impressed by the earnestness of his father's manner, he gave the question very little of the consideration Mr. Boothby desired, and, at the end of the week, reiterated his choice of the medical pro-

fession, without further examination, and a few days afterwards was duly apprenticed to a surgeon in Furstcastle, at whose house he was for the present to live, his father seeing it good, for many reasons, to place his son away from home in his new capacity. Richard was made still more happy by the companionship of his friend Parker, who was placed under the care of the same gentleman, a week or two subsequent to his own initiation. For the first few weeks of his residence in Mr. Williams' house nothing could be more satisfactory and promising than our hero's conduct; his recent separation from home, his father's parting words, the kind anxiety shown by that dear parent that every reasonable wish should be gratified, and the novelty of his present life, all combined to strengthen Richard's determination to be a credit to his father and himself; and the more frequent intercourse which he now enjoyed with his friends the Erles, at whose house he was always welcome, left him no room to wish for the excitement which so often leads a youth into mischief; but, unhappily, things did not very long bear this promising aspect. The Erles left Furstcastle, first for their country-house and then for their sea-side trip, and Richard was thrown more on the companionship of Parker,

who lived next door to Mr. Williams, and was constantly with his friend, sometimes on pretence of studying together, and sometimes on that of enjoying their leisure in one another's company. There was no young family at Mr. Williams', and Mrs. Williams interfered very little with Richard's coming and going, provided he was in the house at meal times, and in good time at night. Richard encountered more opposition from Mr. Williams, who was very strict in requiring a certain amount of work to be done, though lenient in other matters; but in consequence of the frequent absence of his master, Richard had time and opportunity for many things which he would hardly have liked to own to his father, and this was a very good test that these things were best left alone. His early conduct under Mr. Williams had been so good, that for some time the falling-off was hardly noticed, or passed over with a slight rebuke; and it was not till he and his friend brought themselves into some unpleasant notoriety, that those interested in him became fully aware of his follies. At the back of Mr. Williams' house was a stable and coach-yard, which again opened out on a wide quiet street, in which were some good, handsome houses, among others of an inferior description. In one of the large houses lived

his schoolfellow Granville, now an undergraduate at Cambridge, and on the opposite side of the way was the house of a lawyer, of the name of Hancock, whose son had likewise been at the Grammar School, and was now walking the hospitals of his native town; the latter knew more of Richard's pranks than some of his friends, and never having admired him during their former acquaintance, was not now disposed to make the slightest allowance for any misdemeanour which might come under his notice. Many and many were the foolish jokes and tricks Richard and Parker played in this street, when Mrs. Williams, if the remembrance of them crossed her mind, believed them to be working for her husband, either in the surgery or study, and as yet, though the culprits were pretty well known, nothing had been brought home to them.

One night, having a very idle fit on him, and thinking the coast clear, Richard got out of the surgery window, and summoning his friend Parker by throwing some gum at his window, was presently joined by him in the street, where, after divers silly exploits befitting the genius and taste of two boys calling themselves gentlemen, they proceeded to amuse themselves by an original device of Richard's. Producing from

his pocket a ball of twine, Richard attached one end of it to the knocker of Mr. Granville's house, and then passing across the street with the ball, while Parker held the knocker already attached, he cut off enough twine for his purpose, and fastened the end he held to Mr. Hancock's knocker in the same manner. Then whistling low, Parker knocked at Mr. Granville's door, and both ran away to an old hiding-place close at hand to watch the working of their scheme. To their great delight, a servant soon came to the house-door, and seeing no one there, closed it again, without apparently noticing that she was unable to open it very widely. But of course, in closing it, the knocker of the opposite house, which had been raised during the opening of Mr. Granville's door, fell as soon as released, into its place, with a heavy single rap, and to their exceeding glee, Mr. Hancock's servant appeared, as Mr. Granville's had done, and the same ceremony was repeated. Three times had they the gratification of beholding the spectacle of a light gleaming from the open doors. A fourth time they were nearly in convulsions from stifled laughter, as the servants belonging to both houses appeared simultaneously, and stood at a limited aperture, pulling the doors with a perplexed air. Presently

a voice was heard at Mr. Granville's, desiring the servant to close it and go out at the area-gate to see what was the matter. Parker whispered—

'Hallo, Boothby, we'd better cut and run. Our quarters aint safe now.'

'It wont be safe to run while they are hunting,' said Richard. 'Hallo, though, who's this?'

A man suddenly came upon them from behind, and before the boys could escape, laid a hand on each with a firm grasp.

'Now, you young chaps, you'll please to come along with me.'

'Oh, Boothby!' exclaimed Parker.

'And for what?' said Richard, standing perfectly still and facing the policeman.

'Nay you needn't come the innocent, you know,' said the man, very quietly. 'I'm up to all your dodges, and I've been looking out for you a long time. Plenty of witnesses to-night; you needn't think of getting off. You'd better come along quietly, and then you'll save me the trouble of making you. You'd better, now.'

'No; do let us off, if you please,' said Parker, humbly. 'I promise——'

'Promise what?' said Richard, fiercely. 'What has he to do with either of us? Let us go directly, Mr. Policeman.'

So saying, he wrenched himself out of the policeman's grasp, by a sudden and violent effort, and ran off. The man did not pursue him; but quietly looking after him, turned his attention to the safe capture of his weaker prisoner, whom he led, as desired, into Mr. Hancock's house. Parker pleaded very hard, but without avail, with his capturer. He was taken into Mr. Hancock's drawing-room to endure a fire of interrogation from that gentleman, while the policeman directed his steps to the house of Mr. Williams, and having obtained admittance, asked for Mr. Boothby. The servant stared, and disappeared. She presently returned, saying that Mr. Boothby had gone to bed, and had his room door fast.

'Is the Doctor at home?'

'No; what's Master Boothby been and done?' asked the girl.

'Only his usual nightwork,' replied the man, coolly. 'Is your mistress at home?'

'No; she is out with master.'

'Well, then, there's no help for it,' replied the policeman; 'as I don't want to smash a gentleman's door if it can be helped, will you mind and tell your master that I shall want Mr. Richard Boothby to-morrow morning early on very particular business?'

So saying, he departed, and returned to Mr. Hancock's to report progress. As the chief offender was comfortably housed for the night, Mr. Hancock was merciful enough not to send Parker to the station, but kept him in his own house on a sofa, sending word to his mother of his safety; and the next morning, in spite of all remonstrances from Mrs. Parker, Mr. Williams, and even from Mr. Granville, he had both offenders up before the magistrates. Richard had again nearly escaped, having risen very early with the intention of getting away to the Cloister; but the policeman had been desired by Mr. Hancock to watch his movements, and seized him this time effectually before he had well reached the end of the street, carrying him at once to the station, where he remained till the hour at which the magistrates sat.

The case was clearly proved, and the boys fined and severely reprimanded. Parker's fine was paid at once and he returned home, but as Richard's father was at a greater distance, he was detained longer in custody.

Mr. Williams was greatly annoyed at the discredit reflected on him indirectly by this public exposition of his pupil's misconduct, and was now cold, sarcastic, and very difficult to please, so that Richard's self-willed rebellious spirit

began to long for change, and to chafe at every restraint, whether reasonable or otherwise. He had at first been so much ashamed of the publicity given to his folly, and the undesirable notoriety to which he had attained, that he listened to his sister's gentle and grave counsels with more attention than she had dared to hope for, and had even been persuaded by her to attend once or twice a weekly service at one of the town churches. But some sneer of Mr. Williams at this, coupled with his own real indifference, at once put a stop to the arrangement; and in a short time, though in a more guarded manner, Richard was as idle and unpromising as ever. His friends the Erles returned. He was told that they were aware of his unsteady conduct, and proudly held aloof from them till one day, when walking alone on one side of the handsome street in which Mr. Erle's house stood, Mildred, who was on the opposite side with her mother, ran across, and startled him by putting her hand into his, exclaiming,

'Oh, Richard! why do you never come to see us now? You go so often by our house, but never look up. What is the matter?'

Richard coloured up to the roots of his hair, and stood looking at her with eyes half full of tears.

'Then *you* will speak to me, Mildred?'

'To be sure—and why not?' She paused a moment, and then added, looking full in his face,

'I know all about that affair, Richard, but I am sure you are ashamed and sorry. I cannot give up an old friend for *that*, whatever you may do. Now come to our house again, and don't be too proud to reform.'

'I will not be too proud, Mildred,' said Richard, suddenly. 'I will come—if I may,' he added, more cautiously, as Mrs. Erle joined her daughter.

'You had better come and explain matters at home, Mr. Richard,' said Mrs. Erle, 'the street is too public. *My dear Mildred*, you quite forget how old and tall you are growing. You will see Mr. Richard at home soon, I dare say.'

'Thank you, ma'am,' answered Richard, taking off his hat. '*Mister* Richard!' said he to himself, all his old fiery pride returning, and preventing him from discerning the mother's annoyance at Mildred's breach of public propriety, in what he believed studied coldness to himself. He wished the ladies a cold good morning, and hurried off without exchanging another word.

CHAPTER X.

'WHAT then, Richard, are you tired even of Sunday at home?' said Henrietta, sadly.

It was past sunset, and the brother and sister were sitting in the garden under a large horse-chestnut. They had not been talking much, for Henrietta's head was full of the sermon she had just heard at Church, and her brother's remarks rather jarred on her frame of mind. He was sitting with his hands in his pockets, leaning against the tree in a discontented mood and attitude, kicking the turf into holes with the heels of his boots. Henrietta's remark had been drawn forth by an ejaculation to the effect that he wished he were at Furstcastle.

'Has it come to *that*, Richard?'

'It's not so very strange,' muttered Richard. 'How awfully shocked you are, if a fellow speaks out, Hetty. You'd make one either silent or a hypocrite.'

Henrietta did not answer; and, after a pause, her brother added in the same blunt, half rude

tone, which sounded as if he were conscious that he ought to be ashamed of himself—

'It's so slow here; nothing ever stirring. It may be all very well for girls; but a fellow gets moped to death!'

'What, with one day in seven in his own home, Richard? Oh, Richard, things must be going very ill with you, when you feel Sunday at home too *slow* for you!'

'I'll tell you what the fact is, Hetty. I'm getting a man now; and, what's well enough for you when you're a boy, doesn't exactly suit you when you begin to know what the world is, and—all that. I know it's no use trying to make you understand, so we wont talk any more about it.'

'It certainly is difficult, Dick, to make me understand why becoming a man should make you necessarily indifferent to good and right and holy things. Papa is surely more of a man than you. This is a new version of 'putting away childish things,' and 'becoming a man.' Richard, dear, are you not a little afraid to think and talk so?'

Henrietta's voice was very earnest and sorrowful. She laid her hand on one of her brother's; but he did not move his own from

the pocket into which it was thrust, and kicked the ground still more busily.

'There, then, Hetty; don't make a fuss, and all that sort of thing. You live here in your quiet, every-day sort of home, and don't know anything of the world. You may try and talk all sorts of good things to me, you know. Well, in short, you may just as well shut up at once; for, I tell you plainly, I shan't be any better for a sermon. What can girls know about such things? It's not their fault, they can't help it.'

'Richard,' said Henrietta, removing her hand and speaking very gravely, 'if I were to treat you as you deserve, I should be as careless and indifferent towards you as you are to me. I should be proud, and '*shut up*' at once as you bid me, and once for all; but, as long as I am older than you, and have any love for you, and see you going wrong and speaking so very sinfully, I must and I will speak. Dick, does it ever strike you, when you bid a friend '*shut up*,' that the time may come when you would give worlds to hear the voice speak that was once too sincere for you?'

'Well, I don't know that it ever did,' said Richard, affecting to yawn; 'but now you mention it, perhaps it is a striking idea.'

Henrietta turned towards her brother. It was too dark to see his face distinctly, or her keen perception would have satisfied her that the greater part of his insolence was assumed, to conceal more compunction than he cared to exhibit. He knew his sister was trying to discover how much was real, and he resolutely preserved the same attitude and motion under her scrutiny. She presently rose and walked away; but she had not gone far, before her brother was at her side. He put his arm round her, and drew her back to the seat.

'There now, fire away; don't take everything a fellow says in such terrible earnest, Hetty. Sit down and scold me to your heart's content; and I'll listen. I know I'm a very bad fellow—ay, perhaps worse than even you think; but I care just a little bit for you, so now let me hear what you've got to say about my being tired of Church and a dull Sunday. I once made myself believe I did like this sort of thing when I didn't; but I'm honest now to myself, as well as to you.'

'And you take credit to yourself for being honest, instead of being afraid to think you are really so bad that you *cannot* love what is good. That is the truth. Folly and sin have more attractions for you than goodness; and instead of

looking at yourself and fearing to go on wickedly lest you become more so, you fling off all restraint and congratulate yourself on being a model of sincerity, because you are determined to do as you like.' And Henrietta murmured in a broken voice, '*Like a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke.*' Oh, dear Dick. '*Often reproved,*' are you not a *little* afraid to harden your neck? How can I be happy about you? What can I say to persuade you to look at the sinfulness and folly of the headlong path you want to make for yourself?'

'But I say, Hetty, you are too hard on a fellow. There now, don't cry—don't cry. I've promised, and I will sit and listen all night if you like. Only don't fancy, because old Williams has been such an ass as to make a formal fuss, and write that letter to my father, that I must, of course, be going to the dogs as fast as I can.'

Henrietta could not speak for some minutes, and her brother continued to offer consolation on the point of Mr. Williams's formal complaints and threats of giving up his pupil's indentures, assuring her that he was a 'canting old humbug,' and made 'a serious affair out of mere boyish nonsense.' 'He is as bad as old Finch in his way, and you know you didn't defend him, Hetty.'

'But I thought you were a *man* now, Richard,' said Henrietta, at length; 'how came you to care for *boyish* nonsense?'

'Don't be so sharp; he forgets, at any rate, that he was once a young man himself.'

'Nay, perhaps he remembers that he was kept from evil by some such watchful friend as he is to you now, Dick; and he had a very high opinion of you at first. What has made him change it? And then, Dick, how is it that even Mr. Erle does not invite you now? It is not kind to us, Dick, even if you do not care for yourself.'

'It's all Williams' fault,' said Dick, sullenly.

'No, it is not, dear Dick,' replied his sister, very sadly; 'it is all your own—all arising from your old restlessness and self-will, and I am afraid, very, very much afraid for you;' and she began very gently, but firmly, in the manner to which her brother had for years paid attention, and laid before him the history of the last few years of his life—all his advantages, his follies, with their consequences; his various repentances, his falling away—she made him recall all his solemn vows in times of sickness and danger, and bade him seriously consider in what condition he would feel himself, were he again to be placed in such fearful peril, as that from

which he had already been so providentially delivered; then she led him, step by step, from one falling off to another, and fearing for him she hardly knew what—she warned him so seriously and lovingly against hardening himself in sin, that Richard could not speak a word, when she ended, in his own defence.

The conversation was interrupted by a summons to the house. Richard rose abruptly, but waited to offer his arm to Henrietta, and they walked silently towards the house, where their father was waiting to read prayers. Henrietta did not notice her brother's face for some time after they entered the parlour; but as they drew near the supper table, when prayers were over, she accidentally looked towards him, and was struck with the ashy whiteness of his complexion, as well as with a peculiar determination of expression. His father had been grave and distant to him all the day, and now in silence helped the cold fruit tart, which was always one of the supper dishes on Sunday, without looking in his eldest son's direction. Miss Somers was not one of the family now, as Henrietta was considered competent to the task of housekeeping, as well as to that of educating Harold and Edith, which had been given up to her by her own desire; and when supper was over, and

George had bidden good night, Mr. Boothby and his two elder children sat on in silence, as if each had some unwillingness to separate. Henrietta looked tired and sorrowful, her father in deep and stern thought, and Richard moved restlessly in his chair, with the same doubtful, agitated expression he had worn on entering the room, his arms folded, and his eyes flashing at intervals on his father, as though he were waiting for some opening to speak. Suddenly he rose.

'Father—'

'Richard.' Mr. Boothby fixed his eyes steadily on him, and Richard's face and lips seemed to grow still more white. He dropped his eyes for a second, and then flashing them again in the painfully rapid manner Henrietta hardly could bear, he added,

'Father, I *must* go to sea.'

It would be difficult to say whether the father or son was the paler as Richard stopped. Henrietta started up with an exclamation of alarm at her father's change of colour; but he motioned her back, and steadily looking at Richard for a full minute, with a keen gaze and tightly compressed lips, he rose also, and said quietly,

'Yes, you shall go. It shall be arranged without delay.' He paused and leaned his hand on the table, which shook under his pressure,

and Richard stood still as a statue under his grave, determined gaze. 'But if you mistake your vocation this time, you mistake it at your cost, not *mine*. I make no remark on Mr. Williams' last piece of information. You know already all I think of it. You have chosen well this time—sea is the best place for you, and you shall go.'

Mr. Boothby turned away as he finished. 'Henrietta, my bed-candle.'

Henrietta lighted it, and put it into her father's hand, looking up in his face with imploring, tearful eyes.

'Papa, darling papa,' she whispered, 'you are trem—'

'Good night. No fuss. Good night,' he said, putting her aside, then, seeming to recollect himself, he drew her close to him and kissed her tenderly. 'God bless you, my child!'

Richard suddenly rushed forward and knelt before his father on one knee, exclaiming,

'Oh, father, bless me! Say I may go with your blessing.'

'Get up, Richard, and think whether you have deserved a father's blessing.'

'Oh, I know—I know I don't,' he replied, covering his face; 'but I am so miserable.'

'You ought to be miserable,' said his father,

very solemnly, 'for you have made me so. You are earning misery, and depend on it you will receive your wages.'

He left the room as he spoke, and Richard flung himself down in agony, with his arms and head on the chair from which his father had just risen. Henrietta did not attempt to console him; she laid her hand on his head for a moment as she passed him, and went her way to her own room.

CHAPTER XI.

THE day of departure was come. All the previous week, every kind, loving hand in his home had been working for Richard's comfort; every kind word and action that could at any time bring back a remembrance of his happy home to the wilful youth, when far away from its love and forbearance, had been uttered and done. He was going away from them all, and with nearly all, every fault was forgotten. I say with *nearly* all, for though his father had forgiven him, he told him he could only forget it in a long, consistent course of good conduct from his son. For an hour, Richard had been alone with his father, the phaeton was at the door with a few small packages; his sea-chest having gone the day before. At length Richard came hastily into the hall, with red eyes and a sad, humbled demeanour. His father followed, and after a hurried adieu in silence, on his part, of his youngest sister and brother, he darted into the carriage and threw himself back in the seat, where, pulling his hat well down over his

eyes, he remained in silence, with a full heart, till the town appeared in sight. George and Henrietta occupied the back seat, and by the time they reached the Docks, the little boy's spirits had recovered the first sad sensation of parting with his brother, and he began to remark on the shipping.

'See, what's the name of your ship, Dick? I don't see it yet. It's quite a new one, isn't it? What's the name, Hetty?'

'A name you ought to remember,' answered Henrietta, 'the *Old Coalpit.*'

'Oh, yes, to be sure. What a stupid fellow I am. Isn't it funny that Richard should still be in the Old Coalpit, even when he's away from home? It'll make you remember home, wont it, Dick?'

'I do not think it would help me much if I were likely to forget home,' replied Richard.

'Oh, there it is!—there it is, Dick!' cried George. 'I saw the name just now, on the flag.'

'Where?' said Henrietta.

'Ah, it's twisted up with the wind. There, now—there, now; do you see? That red streaming flag, just beyond the bridge. That's a barque, isn't it, Dick?'

Richard replied in the affirmative, and George talked on.

'What a nice thing it is—a new ship.'

'That's as it may be,' said his sister.

'Only,' continued George, 'they are going to take such a dirty cargo. Only think of having nothing but coal.'

'It is a proper cargo for a coalpit, I think,' said his father, looking round.

'Ah, I didn't think of that,' replied George, laughing. 'Here we go. What a nice new clean-looking ship she is. I see we shall have to cross over another ship to get to her.'

The carriage drew up as he spoke, and in a few minutes they were all out on the quay, preparing to cross over to the *Old Coalpit*, now bound for Aden on her first voyage, when they were stopped by Mr. Erle, the owner.

'Oh, here you are, Mr. Boothby,' he said. 'I am very glad to meet you. I was in hopes I might be fortunate enough, as I may be able to introduce your son to his new berth!' He shook hands, as he spoke, with the party by turns, and saying that he was rather pressed for time, suggested that they should all proceed to the ship without delay; and offering his escort to Henrietta, courteously conveyed her over the intervening vessel, followed by Mr. Boothby and his sons.

Richard was very conscious of a certain de-

gree of gravity in the manner of his old friend towards himself, which was not wont to be there; but, in spite of this, and his sorrowful feelings at leaving home, he looked with some curiosity on the new home he had chosen for himself—and, notwithstanding its clean and new appearance, was disappointed at its small size. There seemed many people on board, and some leave-takings were going on. Mr. Erle led the way aft, to a short, stout, red-faced man, who was giving some orders about a large covered tub on deck. He turned round as Mr. Erle approached, and received his visitors with a kind of sincere, rough politeness.

'Let me introduce you to Captain Bullock, Mr. Boothby. Captain, you will be pleased to make Mr. Boothby's acquaintance; it will increase your interest in your new charge. This is the gentleman I mentioned to you, the father of my new apprentice; I am interested in Mr. Richard Boothby. Will you kindly look after him, and play father to him for a time?'

The weather-beaten Captain looked at Richard from head to foot very curiously, and having apparently come to a conclusion concerning him, replied—

'Ay, ay, all right, Mr. Erle. I'll look after him in the right way. He shall be taught his

trade, and we wont make a baby of him. 'Tye for tye, and no favour,' as we used to say when I was a 'prentice.'

'And you will look after him in other ways, too, I am sure,' said Mr. Erle. 'His companions, I mean—not more than necessary communication with the sailors, for he is a gentleman. Be so kind as to do me the favour to let him be as much of a gentleman as——'

'I tell you what, Mr. Erle,' said the Captain, shortly, 'no offence to you; but this isn't a place for *gentlemen*. If this lad wants to be a gentleman, let him stop at home, and look after it there. The lads that come out with me are to be made sailors of, and I make sailors, and don't pretend to make gentlemen of them. You'd better have made a *middy* of him somewhere else, in one of the places where they make gentlemen, and not sailors, of their apprentices.'

'Well, well, Captain,' said Mr. Erle, smiling, 'I trust you, nevertheless, and so will Mr. Boothby.'

Captain Bullock rubbed his nose, and looked at Mr. Boothby with the same grave, shrewd scrutiny he had previously bestowed on Richard.

'I do not ask any undue favour for my son,' said Mr. Boothby, 'he can only expect justice. He and I both wish he should be taught seaman-

ship, and not play at it. The only favour I ask of you, sir, is that he may be kept, as much as possible, from opportunities and temptations to evil.'

'Well, sir, I don't make long speeches,' said the Captain, holding out his hand. 'I'll do my duty by the lad; if he does his, we shall get on —that's all I have to say.'

Mr. Boothby shook the rough hand heartily, and thanked him; and Captain Bullock then showed him over part of the ship, and opened out so much in manner, that Henrietta began quite to like him, and George expressed a wish that he could be a sailor under him, like Richard. The Captain laid his hand on the boy's shoulder with a laugh.

'Wait a little, my boy, till your brother comes back. A sailor's life isn't all sunshine, calm seas, and fair breezes.'

Time pressed, and the visitors were obliged to leave the ship. The Captain politely accompanied them to the gangway, and Richard, left alone, stood looking after them, as long as they were in sight, with a heavy heart and a sense of loneliness he had never before experienced. He roused himself from his reverie, turned round towards the sailors, and was listlessly following their movements, and listening to what seemed

to him an almost unintelligible jargon of commands, when, from an unexpected quarter, came a sudden call of 'Feet, ho!' and in another instant he was standing in a pool of water. Whatever was the meaning of the unexpected deluge, Richard thought it time to move without further investigation, and, springing a step up the poop ladder, found that, while gazing aft, he had not noticed that the men were cleaning the fore deck from the dirt it had incurred in taking in the cargo, and understood that the cry which had so puzzled him had been intended as a warning of coming events.

'Rather a rough welcome on board ship, Richard,' said a voice above him, and, turning round, he saw the Captain. 'No time to pay compliments. Here, Ho! Blunt, step aft.'

A tall, stout sailor came aft immediately, and the Captain formally placed Richard under his instructions and charge, desiring him to take him forward and show him his quarters.

Richard fancied he had seen this man somewhere before, and was not surprised at his claiming a kind of acquaintance; but it was some time before he recollected where he had met him, till Blunt recalled to his memory a launch in Mr. Erle's ship-yard, where Blunt had greatly assisted him and little Mildred Erle in

obtaining good seats, and had, after the launch, explained many parts of the ship to them; and he then remembered how fond the man seemed of Mildred, and how the little girl had told him she 'had always known Tom Blunt.' Blunt, who was boatswain of the *Coalpit*, was very well inclined towards Richard, and led him cheerfully to the forecastle, where his chest had already been placed, and where he changed his dress, by the advice of his rough chaperon, to a more sailor-like attire. 'You see,' continued Blunt, 'these long-shore togs wont be much good to you aboard; and as you wont want 'em for many a long day, you had better lay 'em by at the bottom of your chest.'

'And I am to sleep in one of these wardrobe shelves, I suppose?' said Richard.

'Ay, them's the bunks, sure enough, said the man, 'and right glad you'll be, in time, to turn in when you've leave. This here's your bedding. Now then, I'll give you a hand and we'll heave it all in now, for you see, you may whistle for your traps shortly.'

He suited the action to the word, and without troubling himself much with Richard's assistance, soon tossed his mattress and blankets into one of the berths which were ranged round the side of the forecastle. He then left him, telling

him he might apply to himself in any difficulty. A sudden sense of degradation flashed across Richard at the familiarity with which he was addressed by a common sailor; but this was part of his chosen lot, and he had in a great measure come prepared for it, so shaking off the unwelcome impression, he made up his mind to endure it, and find as much enjoyment as he could among these novel inconveniences; so he made his bed, dressed himself, and arranged his chest with much of his usual activity. When this was done, he began to reconnoitre. He could not help a certain sense of disgust at the confined hole in which he was to sleep and live out of working hours. Rough bare boards divided this portion of the ship from that in which the cargo was stowed, and round the sides of this cramped apartment were ranged the small uninviting berths for the sleeping accommodation of the men. One or two of his new comrades came in, and passed out again during Richard's operations, without noticing him, and several chests were added to the mass of the confusion already strewing the confined space. Richard was soon tired of this, and mounting the ladder, gained the deck, nearly falling over a man who was stooping down at some work by the hatchway. An exclamation attracted his more par-

ticular attention, and he recognised the Italian whom Granville had patronized for so long. There was something peculiar in the man's look, and Richard was, for an instant, reminded of their meeting at the Grammar School steps. The man did not move, and Richard, picking his way more carefully, seated himself near the bows to watch the preparations for getting out of dock, the stirring scene soon chasing away his more sad feelings. Before very long, he was introduced to his fellow apprentices by his patron the boatswain. One was nearly out of his time, and a year or two older than himself; the other as fresh a hand, and in a scarcely lower rank of life. As the new hands were not yet competent to work, and the old ones were too busy to teach them, the two apprentices sat down together, compared their knowledge, made their comments, and amused themselves with the bustle, till the barque was fairly on her way down the river, a tug taking her and another vessel in tow. In a couple of hours, and just after dusk, she anchored in the Roads at the mouth of the river, and Richard turned into his berth and slept very soundly, in spite of some sad recollections that came to him when he was alone with time and silence for reflection.

He was roused from a deep sleep by a heavy knocking overhead. This was repeated three times, and followed by a hoarse voice shouting down the hatchway—'Hands, up anchor ahoy! Rouse out there below! Tumble up, men—tumble up!'—orders that were rendered intelligible to him by his being aware that the men were starting up all around him, dressing and hurrying on deck. He followed as quickly as he could, but as there was no light below, he had some difficulty in finding his clothes; but at length he somehow found himself on deck. It was about an hour before sunrise, and a faint grey light was just beginning to spread itself over the sky, but every object was distinct and clear, the rippling water stretching for miles, reflecting every incipient ray.

The air struck cold, and Richard, just from the close atmosphere of the forecastle, shivered at the sudden exposure. It was a strange new scene for him; all still without, but on board everything seemed bustle and confusion. The Captain was issuing orders from the poop, which were passed forward and carried out by the officers.

'Away aloft, there, some hands! Loose the topsails and courses! Forecastle, there! Loose the jibs and foretopmast staysail! Lay aft,

here, one or two of you lads, and loose the driver!'—and similar phrases, were the commands, to him unintelligible, which were in the course of being rapidly carried out. A few men started aloft, and were soon seen on the yards casting off the gaskets which confined the sails in rolls to their respective yards.

'All ready aloft?' at length asked the mate. 'All ready, sir,' was answered from the yards. 'Let fall,' was the next command; then 'Clear away the topsail, clewlines and buntlines, man the topsail sheets;' and a rope was put into Richard's hand, on which he was told to 'pull his pound;' and gradually the folds of canvas opened themselves, as the clews were hauled out to the extremities of the yards below, the mates occasionally shouting to the men aloft; the answers of the men and the lively song below at the ropes, rendered it all a scene of perfect Babel to Richard, who stumbled here and there over the loose ropes, more in the way than of any real assistance, when the next cry was passed along, 'Man the topsail halyards,' and all hands were soon uniting their efforts in raising the heavy yards to the mast heads. As soon as the order 'Belay' was given, the men went to the braces, and the yards were so laid, that when the anchor was off the ground, the wind acting

on the sails would turn the vessel's head in the right direction. The men were then directed to 'lay forward to the windlass,' between the two heavy levers of which they divided themselves, the apprentices remaining on the main deck to range the cable as it was unwound from the windlass, and to attend to other minor duties there. It was nearly an hour before the vessel was clearly under weigh, and long before this took place they were as warm as they could wish to be, in spite of the time of the year. The daylight was now fast spreading over sky, land, and sea. It was a beautiful sight, and Richard paused a moment in silent and almost unconscious admiration; and when the sun was well up in that clear cold sky, the barque *Coalpit* was beating down the wide estuary that opened into the German Ocean; and at intervals that day the new hands listened and watched till they at last began to understand the commands, ''Bout ship,' 'Helm's a lee,' 'Raise tacks and sheets,' 'Mainsail haul,' 'Fore bowlines;' and became quite excited at last, as they watched for the regular 'Let go and haul.' There was much to do in clearing the decks and stowing away, and Richard and his new friend were made little further use of than to fetch and carry; but at least they began to know their way about

the ship, and to notice where the stores were laid, and were to be found if wanted. The Captain summoned all hands in the course of the day, and made the speech which is usual on starting a voyage. His was decided and to the purpose, though short; but Richard was struck with the awful distance at which he seemed to be from the forecastle. The watches were divided, and Richard found himself obliged to remove his bedding and chest to the starboard side of the forecastle, where, to his great satisfaction, Barton, his new apprentice friend, was likewise stationed. He kept his first watch this night from eight to twelve, and as the night was still fine, and the boatswain, who was in his watch, pleasant and communicative, he rather enjoyed his new position, excitement and novelty keeping him easily awake till his watch went below; but the 'rousing out' the next morning was different work, and had it not been for the repeated calls of a friend in the next berth, and the final lifting out on the floor, we greatly fear he would not have awoke for an hour or two later. The sailor laughed good-humouredly as he helped him out, and remarked that he would soon wake as 'reg'lar as his four hours were up.' Some months previously the gentlemanly tastes of our hero would have revolted from, and his inde-

pendence rebelled against, the task which awaited him on deck;—that he, Richard Boothby, who thought so much of being a gentleman and his own master, should have actually felt it wisdom to obey without one expostulation, and have paddled about the deck of a small ship barefooted, handling a long scrubbing-brush, and in his turn, scrubbing, swashing, and swabbing the decks for a couple of hours, like any housemaid in his father's court-yard, only without the luxury of pattens, he would formerly have declared to be impossible; yet such transformation had a sea life already wrought, and his present experience was decidedly not in favour of the manly independence and liberty of a sailor's life on board a merchantman, where every man who enters fares alike, till he has worked his way up, and must pass through the same rough school.

This was a busy day; after breakfast, Richard, fancying his morning's work must be done, and not being called, got a book out of his chest, and sat down in the bows to enjoy himself. He was not, however, long unmolested, and was roused from his comfortable position by the voice of the mate near him, in decidedly rough tones—

'Hallo! haven't you anything to do, you,

what's your name; yes, I mean you,' he added, as Richard looked up. 'Who's this, Silvio?'

Richard coloured, and turned round. Silvio was engaged at a little distance from him, and at the question of the mate made some reply; and the mate continued, 'Richard Boothby! Well, Richard, put your book below, and then come up to me, and I'll show you how to earn your salt.'

The mate walked off as he spoke, not noticing in any way the angry scowl with which his words were received; and Richard, once more concealed from his sight, sat hesitating, looking after him, debating the safety of disregarding the command, when Silvio, who had turned to look at him, drew near him, and advised him gravely to put his book away at once, and was at once told to 'mind his own business, and not interfere with his betters.'

The Italian smiled, and replied as he moved away, 'Ship-board no place for big talk. *You* like *me* here.'

Richard felt very angry; but thought it the wisest policy to keep his rage to himself. Still, to prove his independence of such counsel, he determined to keep his post long enough to show that he was not biassed by it, and was sitting watching the bow of the ship as it cut the water,

when the angry voice of the mate demanded why he was not obeyed.

Richard started up, and was answering in a strain not often heard, and never allowed in such a place, when a friendly hand was laid on his shoulder, and his rough friend the boatswain respectfully ventured to interpose:

'Come, come, youngster, you're in the wrong shop. Now, Mr. Carter, I'm sure you'll excuse me; but you wont be hard on him this time. You know, sir, by your leave, we've all been green hands once. I'll warrant he'll fetch up in no time. It's all strange, and he doesn't know yet, that there's all one side and none of the other on board ship.'

'Is not that theory more bold than safe to start to a mate, eh, boatswain?' said the mate, laughing.

'Ay, ay, sir. I make no doubt it's safe enough to you,' said the boatswain. 'But you see, sir, this lad here, you'll excuse me, Mr. Carter, he'll soon find out it's no use coming it grand. It's what we've all got to go through first, and we're no worse men when we've done than if we hadn't gone through it; but he don't know that yet, Mr. Carter. He'll be wiser next time.'

'I hope he will,' said Mr. Carter. 'Well,

get along with that book, and let me see you up again in two minutes.'

Blunt sent Richard down most peremptorily, as soon as the mate left them, and our hero was presently on deck again, calmed by the time he reached the mate, and feeling very much as if he had been making himself look very foolish, and had been treated like a silly child. The mate looked at him with a smile lurking in his eyes, and directed him to remain with the Italian, who was employed in putting mats and wooden battens (called by the sailors 'Scotchmen') on the shrouds, and other ropes, to prevent their chafing from contact with ropes which might be pulled across them. Silvio was very civil towards him, and quietly taught him his lesson, which, on this occasion, was to make '*foxes*,' a term which may not be very intelligible to many of my readers. They are made by twisting two or more rope yarns together, and rubbing them smooth afterwards, and are used for lacing on the mats to the shrouds. After a few essays Richard got rather expert in his work, and even interested, as the Italian proceeded to show him how to make some of the most useful knots, bands, and hitches, in all of which he proved himself an apt pupil, and, in spite of the threatened storm, the day wore away much more pleasantly than he had anticipated.

Blunt gave him a grave lecture afterwards, on the consequences of opposing any order he might receive from the higher powers, and finished with a few sensible rules for his conduct. He laid before him all that would be generally expected of him, and told him that he had the good fortune to sail with a good and reasonable Captain, one who made the apprentices see and know all they ought, let them experience all the roughness of a sailor's life, and never eased or noticed them till he saw they could stand it like a tar, and take a command or a joke like a man. Richard was the better for this kindly meant lesson, and found that the only way to keep himself out of continual hot water (and that of a most disagreeable kind) was to obey all, and learn all that was required of him, without questioning either the wisdom or justice of such commands; and, when he had made up his mind to this, he was far more comfortable, and the crew began to like him.

CHAPTER XII.

IN a few weeks, Richard Boothby began to feel at home in his new life. He had passed through his seasoning of sea-sickness, and got his 'sea legs;' and having, as I said before, discovered that an apprentice at sea has no option but to obey orders implicitly, he found it his wisdom to succumb; and, in spite of bad weather, disturbed sleep, and hard fare, began to find some kind of satisfaction in the work in which he was now constantly employed. He had hitherto slept in the forecastle, and messed with the men; had battled through his season of sickness as well as he could by himself, and had learned to put up with the fact that until he had, by his own skill and good behaviour, earned superiority for himself, he would be allowed none on board ship; and this was a good school for him. During this time he had learned much of the names of ropes, masts, spars, blocks, and the mysteries of reefing and steering; and, being quick and ambitious, was so apt a pupil that the boatswain was rather proud of him, and

generally chose him for work which was likely to bring a smart fellow into notice.

Up to this time Richard had come very little in contact with the Captain, and if he ever thought of him, imagined that his promise to his father was a mere matter of words, and that he was not likely to take more notice of him than he had hitherto done. In this he was, however, mistaken. Captain Bullock knew all about him, and had purposely let him alone in his early training, till he considered him far enough advanced to take him in hand; and he had taken a better measure of his pupil's character than Richard would at first have given him credit for.

As soon as our hero showed symptoms of steady obedience and content, he was, with his fellow-apprentice, moved into the steerage, and brought more immediately under the eye of the Captain, who began to teach them navigation, and practised them regularly in the working of the ship; and Richard, who had at first looked down on his master as an inferior, under-bred man, now yielded him involuntarily his respect, and rendered him more sincere obedience than he had given to any one since he was under the care of Dr. Babbage.

Captain Bullock was an earnest, undemon-

strative Christian, and his ship was ordered as that of such a man should be. There was no swearing allowed, and astonishingly little attempted. Morning prayers were read by the Captain every day that weather permitted, and instead of allowing Sunday to be employed in mending clothes, or washing them, as in the case of most ships, half Saturday was set apart for that purpose, and Sunday was emphatically a day of rest, hallowed by a service in the morning, and at least quietness and tranquillity for the remainder of the day. Jack, with all his faults, respects consistency, and is especially tenacious of his right to the day of rest; consequently, as the men on board the *Coalpit* saw that their 'skipper' respected their privileges, they respected him in their turn; and the obedience yielded him was at once cheerful and prompt.

Richard was generally a favourite on board, though his pride and occasional insolence had made him one or two enemies, one of whom was the ship's carpenter, and another Silvio, or St. Peter, as the sailors called him.

Richard never lost an opportunity of joking Silvio on his beads and crucifix, which he always guarded most jealously, diligently counting them during the short prayers to

which all hands were summoned; and on Sundays, in spite of his better feelings, and a serious rebuke he once received from his Captain on the occasion of a quarrel which originated in one of these unfeeling taunts, he lost no opportunity of irritating the poor man for the fun of seeing his excitability.

Things were in this state when, one Sunday morning, in a giddy humour, during the middle watch, Richard laid a plan, with his fellow-apprentice, Tom Barton, to deprive Silvio of his beads. They were standing together near the ship's side, when Richard began speaking very quietly, 'Look here, Tom, we'll have some fun this morning with St. Peter. When I was in the forecastle I got to know where he keeps his precious beads at night. I'll go down and call the watch directly, and then I'll manage to get hold of them, and when he's away I'll hang up this instead of his crucifix. Fair exchange is no robbery, you know.'

'What is *that?*' asked Barton, vainly endeavouring in the uncertain light to discern anything, beyond a piece of paper, in the article his friend held before him, which when seen by daylight, was nothing else than a wretched, dirty-coloured valentine, of the most vulgar description, which he had somehow procured from one of the men.

'Don't you know that lovely Venus we were joking Filton about?' said Richard.

'Oh that,' said Barton, with a smothered laugh. 'Eh, what fun! I should like to see Peter when he misses his rosary; what a wax he'll be in. You mustn't let him——'

'You lads!' shouted a voice from the quarter-deck, 'Haul the weather-clew of the main-sail up!'

The lads flew to obey orders, the valentine was shoved into Richard's pocket, and until the watch went below he had no further opportunity of taking counsel with his chum. It was not very long before the watch was ended, and Richard managed to carry out his desire of calling the next. He entered the forecastle very softly, and stole up to the Italian's berth. Though every object was perfectly distinct above, it was quite dark below; but he knew his way well about, and in a minute after reaching the berth, had his hand under the Italian's head, and abstracted the rosary at the moment that he shook him to arouse him with a sonorous—'Rouse out—rouse out!'

'Hallo, my lad!' exclaimed one of the men, 'is that you hollering out over Peter? You're in a tender mood—quite tender-like, over Peter. Peter, he wants to give you the start of us;

but it warn't no use, Dick. I'd my weather-eye and my weather-ear open, too. I seed you and heerd you, too. I say Peter, caresses of an enemy——'

'Peter was so sound asleep,' said Richard. 'And, mind, Haley, a nod's as good as a wink.'

'Ay—ay, my lad,' said the man, good-humouredly.

Richard was up the ladder directly, and in a minute or two was safely down again, and turned in to drop asleep the moment he rested his head on the pillow, after having exchanged the crucifix for the daub, and hidden the latter under his mattress, and the beads round his waist, and so sound were his slumbers, that when he rose and tumbled up, he could not for some minutes recollect how he came by his uncomfortable girdle. This day being Sunday, after breakfast, the crew gave themselves an extra washing and scrubbing, and at the usual time, all hands were called to prayers. Before this took place, however, there was a tremendous uproar in the forecastle, whither some of the men had repaired for breakfast; but as Richard was on deck at the time, he could only guess at the cause. The second mate went down to stop it, and came up laughing, and in reply to the

question of the boatswain as to the cause of the disturbance, said,

'Peter's lost his beads, poor chap, and his patron saint has sent him a Valentine to comfort him for them.'

'What!' said Barton, turning to his friend, in great glee. 'Where can he have lost them? He must be like a bear robbed of her cubs.'

'That's just what he is,' said the mate. 'I hope neither of you chaps have taken them; he'll think nothing of murdering you when his blood's up.

'Very ungrateful of him, I'm sure,' said Richard, 'when the Virgin has been so kind as to let him off such a lot of prayers.'

'He's at daggers drawn with Haley,' said the second mate. 'He declares he is at the bottom of it. We shall have hard work to keep the peace, for those Italians are such fellows for revenge. He was drawing out his knife, but Haley wrenched it from him, and got him down under him. Well, I'm not chicken-hearted, exactly, but I wouldn't be the chap that came athwart Peter ashore, if I'd played him a trick aboard.'

In consequence of their different duties, Richard and Silvio did not meet till morning

service, when the whole crew, in their clean duck-trousers, blue check-shirts, and new hats, were ranged on the after-deck. Richard was standing near the Italian, and as their names were called, he turned to him, and remarked,

'So, Peter, you've been in luck's way this morning, I hear. See what comes of being under the blessed Mary's care. It isn't every one that gets rewarded with such a handsome valentine.'

The Italian glared on Richard, and his eyes glittered in a deadly manner, that made the youth for a moment recoil, when the man put his hand into his bosom as if feeling for something.

'You bad villain—you ras-cal. 'Pose you in my countree; you daren't. You are one vera bad, vera weeked fellow. 'Pose you look out some day. Silvio never once forget.' Then, in a low, deep tone, he muttered in his ear, 'I do dare say you take my tings.'

'I, Peter!' said Richard, feigning to start back. 'Nay, how can you be so wicked, when the Virgin, her own self, has been so good to you, not only to give you such a handsome valentine, but to let you off from saying your prayers—such lots of them.'

With a low cry the Italian's hands were

round Richard's throat, and the superior strength of the English youth would have availed him little, had not two powerful men pulled off the foreigner; but the uproar was terrible, and the Captain had the man brought before him to make a strict inquiry into the affair. When he had heard the Italian's story he called up Richard.

Richard had prepared himself for a chance of this kind by restoring both missing articles to the Italian's berth, before coming up to prayers, and now walked coolly up in front of the Captain.

'Now, sir, what have you to say. Have you this man's property?'

'No, sir, I have not.'

'And you do not know anything about it, eh?'

'How should I know anything about it, sir?' said Richard; 'I don't sleep in his place. I don't keep watch with him. He is nothing to me, nor I to him. I don't know why he should fasten all this on me.'

'What reason have you, Silvio,' asked the Captain, 'for thinking that Richard Boothby would take your things?'

'He one bad fellow, sar. 'Pose he do mock. He call me dis day. 'Pose he take em. Dere—'

'Well, now, once for all, Richard,' said the Captain, steadily, 'Did you take these things? A straightforward answer, now, mind.'

'When I woke him this morning I believe his precious beads got foul of me, sir, somehow. I found I had them when I woke; but I flung them away since, and I haven't them now, I swear.'

'Well, sir, since you seem to know something about them, I shall look to you to find them, that's all, or I'll know the reason why. Harry, go below and fetch me up that thing they hung up there; and as for you, sir, I am ashamed that you should be called a Protestant. I am disgusted with your unfeeling conduct.'

Harry presently returned, saying that the daub had disappeared, and the crucifix was hanging in its accustomed place.

'I found the beads, sir, all right in the bunk, and I brought them, as I thought Peter 'd be glad to see 'em again.'

He delivered the rosary, as he spoke, to the Captain's care. Captain Bullock looked gravely at Richard and handed the beads to the Italian, saying, kindly, as he did so,

'Silvio, I should be sorry you should think that we Protestants can do such unkind and dastardly tricks; but mind, my man, we don't

think those who do are *Christians*. Now, to your places and let us begin.'

As they fell back, Richard remarked, 'I say, Peter, what a jolly blessed old mother yours is, my lad. Here's a second miracle, I declare, in one morning.'

'You shut up, will you?' said the boatswain, roughly, pulling him away; 'ain't you downright ashamed of yourself, and you calling yourself a Christian, to wound a poor fellow that stands alone? It's cowardly—'taint like a man, no how. Now, you shan't. You slue round, Richard. You're not a-going to anchor alongside of Silvio, no how.'

The boatswain drew Richard away to another part of the ship as he spoke, and the service proceeded quietly. The Captain having read the service for the day, chose for his sermon one of the chapters in Acts, on which he made a few practical comments. Poor Silvio had not ceased to tell his beads, and, softened by the Captain's kindness towards him, he listened to the few simple sailor-like words which fell from the man's honest lips, and the crew separated to their Sunday duty and occupations, solemnized, yet happy with the morning's preparation. In the course of the afternoon the crew were scattered about the forecastle with

their Bibles and other books, some with pipes, others singing a hymn. Richard chose a favourite resting-place of his own in fine weather, and lay along the bowsprit with a copy of *Judah's Lion*, which he was not at present reading. It was a very fine afternoon, and the ship was scudding before a fresh breeze, at the rate of six or seven knots an hour; nearly all the sails were set, and the sun, glancing from their surfaces, the continual ripple of light from the heaving waters around, the murmur of voices, the occasional sound of a hymn, together with the sense of rest, excited in him a feeling of keen enjoyment. He had been lying for some time in this comfortable manner, when he fancied he heard something breathing near him, and turning slightly round, faced the Italian, whom he found close beside him, creeping up from the netting underneath. Richard's courage was tested; he could not help being startled, and attempted to raise himself, exclaiming,

'Hallo, Peter, what brings you here?' He looked round rather anxiously to see if any of his shipmates were near; but the Italian laid his hand on his chest with the air of one who was conscious of having his enemy at a vantage, and with his other hand showed Richard a glimpse of his rosary from underneath his shirt.

'Pose you know. You got one or two more. You have yet some of mine. You give at once.'

'Some of yours,—*what?*' said Richard. 'Let me go, or I'll call out, you sneaking rascal.'

'You not get up—you know you fall,' said Silvio, quietly. 'Where you put dem? One, two. You call dis you religione—one heretick.'

'What do I know about your dirty beads?' shouted Richard. 'Go to your blessed mother; perhaps she'll bring you the rest, as she did this morning. Let me go, I say.'

He shouted and struggled, but the rushing of the sails, the noise of the waters, and the pleasant hymn that was going on, prevented any attention being given to him; and the next moment Richard had rolled from the bowsprit, and was hanging in the netting below by one foot. He was never able to prove that the Italian purposely exerted his superior advantage for this catastrophe, or that it was anything more than an accident consequent on the scuffle; but he always declared that his enemy was at work, endeavouring to disengage the foot that kept him up, and he knew that to fall was certain death. By a desperate effort, he caught hold of a rope hanging over the ship's side, just as he felt his

foot give way. The jerk and strain to his shoulders were terrible, but he was struggling for dear life, and kept his own sufficiently to be able in a short time, to climb up the side of the ship, at the moment when two or three of the sailors who had seen him fall, had started up to attempt his rescue.

The accident seemed natural, especially as Silvio assisted actively in the exertions made to help Richard, whose assertions, to the effect that it happened by design, were treated only as the angry ebullitions of temper; and very little was said about it, as sailors are not very sentimental on hairbreadth escapes, and whatever their deeper thoughts may be, say scarcely anything of them. For some time after this affair, Richard was careful not to be alone with Silvio, especially as the latter now and then hinted that the missing beads had never been returned. The breeze which bore the *Old Coalpit* on so steadily, freshened during the night, and the next day there were unmistakeable signs of heavy weather. Still the day passed over without any remarkable occurrence, and Richard turned in with his watch at eight o'clock, and slept soundly till nearly eight bells, when the familiar bang at the hatchway, and the cry, 'All hands reef topsails, ahoy!' roused him out, and with as

little clothing as was prudent, he rushed on deck, where a strange sight awaited him. The night was dark and squally, not a star to be seen, the vessel rolling fearfully in the heavy, sullen sea, shipping seas on both sides, and pitching forward in blind fury; everything that was loose rolling from side to side, threatening the limbs of all who came across them.

They were sailing under very little canvas, the watch then on deck having reduced sail as much as they were able without further assistance; the topsail-yards were lowered, and the sails were flapping about with a noise that nearly rivalled the awful crash of thunder that presently pealed through the air. Richard had never seen anything so fearful as the scene fully revealed to him by that vivid flash of lightning, which he thought had struck him as he mounted the deck; and the thrill of fear ran through him at this exhibition of the Creator's majesty in the mighty ocean. 'Oh, what's that!' he involuntarily exclaimed; but he did not hear his own words, and there was no one to answer him, as he glanced, awestruck, at the mastheads, on each of which sat a ball of blue fire.

'Hold on for your life!' roared the boatswain in his ear, as he flung his arms round the foremast, and embracing Richard's arm in the

action, indicated that he should follow his example. Richard hardly knew on what he was holding, or how he held on, as a great sea swept over the ship, and for a moment he felt annihilated. It was an awful time. The body of water passed and left him breathless and wet through, but yet safe.

'Lay along, here, to the reef-tackles,' shouted the Captain, through a trumpet, as another blinding flash lighted up the ship. It was well that presence of mind and alertness were required, and no time allowed for thought; the reef-tackles were hauled out, and the men scrambled aloft to complete their work. Richard did not know how he got up, nor how that tremendous task was accomplished amid the crashing thunder and flashes of glaring lightning, so blinding from their contrast to the intense darkness, that for some seconds the men doubted whether sight were left them. There was yet other work to be done, and after hoisting the reduced sails, the men laid aloft to furl the mainsail. Richard was at the extremity of the yard, and the pitching and rolling of the ship were so fearful that, in her 'lee lurches,' she was now and then almost on her beam ends. A lurid flash of lightning revealed the Italian by his side, and the next moment Richard felt himself loose in the boiling

sea. One fearful cry—but he did not hear it himself—and there was none to help him; yet almost at the moment that he fell, the vessel rolled heavily to windward, and when she recovered herself, he was on the deck of the vessel, half-stunned, and severely bruised—as by a miracle, the heavy sea which then swept her, having washed him on board again. He soon recovered, and joined the men as they came down from aloft, in securing the spars, casks, and other things on deck. It may seem strange that he could work on, but there was a *must*, and the whole awful occurrence occupied but a few seconds. For the next few hours, the men worked nearly up to their knees in water; but at last the storm lulled, and Richard went below, thoroughly worn out, with time to think of his most providential escape, and able to relieve the pent-up oppression of his emotion. Turning round in his berth, and burying his head in his pillow, he wept out his full heart of gratitude, and his sense of his own undeserving.

For some time after that night, Richard was graver, more thoughtful, and more considerate also to his butt, the poor Italian. He was rather touched the next day when he met Silvio on board, in the press of work consequent on the ravages of

the storm; the man started and turned quite pale, saying, after a moment's pause, with evident agitation, 'Madre di Dio—Maria Vergine! 'Pose you not lost, poor Reechard. Give de hand to Silvio.' Richard shook his hand heartily and unsuspiciously.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT length the long voyage was safely ended, after nearly four months at sea. The *Old Coalpit* arrived at Aden, where she was to exchange her cargo of coal for one of coffee.

The impression left by the terrible night, detailed in the previous chapter, had not quite worn off, but it was now faint. Richard was a favourite, on the whole, with the crew; and his new rough schooling had, in some measure, improved his proud, wayward character. His readiness and skill, too, in performing any task required of him, even out of the routine of ship duty, enhanced his popularity, and had elicited some praise from his Captain, who had lately taken much more notice of him, had lent him books, and talked with him from time to time. Richard had not forgotten his home, for which, at times, his restless yet affectionate spirit yearned intensely. They had spoken with two ships homeward bound, by each of which he had sent letters; and, amid all the eager excitement of sighting land, and the subsequent arrival at

the port, he had found time to write a description of this new scenery, and his sensation at seeing the end of his voyage, which was duly dispatched at the earliest opportunity. The *Coalpit* could not obtain all her new cargo at Aden, and expected to have to proceed to Mocha for the remainder; but as she was occupied in landing her coals, and taking in such amount of her merchandize as could be obtained in Aden, for three or four weeks, Richard managed to see something of the place in time, though he was not able to get shore leave at once, as the Captain showed himself very cautious on this point; and, beyond allowing leave for an hour or so, he gave no further licence to the new apprentices till he could put them under the care of his trustworthy boatswain, when they both had leave given them for a day's excursion up a steep mountain, which commands a fine view, and is used as a look-out by the authorities at Aden. There was nothing of any great interest in Aden when the novelty was over of landing in a new place —the great passenger steamer from Bombay, which was taking in coal, examined—the steeds tried, and the camp visited; but the scramble up this rock, deemed inaccessible except by one passage, was a feat of a legitimate kind to

tempt a sailor in the hey-day of youth and strength, even though nothing but a view was to be obtained at the top. It was about four o'clock in the morning when they started—Richard, Barton, the second mate, Blunt, and Filton, the ship's carpenter; and after a walk of three or four miles, they reached the foot of the mountain, and, with their provisions, prepared to ascend. The mountain, which bears the euphonious name of Jibbel Shumsan, being, as I have said before, a look-out from which vessels are signalled, has a tolerably convenient road to the summit. Up this road our party toiled, and, for some time, right merrily; but at length the burning sun and steep pathway fairly tired out the second mate, and, seeking a nook where a jutting point sheltered him, he declared his intention of remaining where he was, and retained a share of their cold meat and biscuit to supply his wants during the absence of his companions, who most stoutly determined that 'a little heat and fatigue shouldn't frighten them out of their spree.' They had brought but little water with them, and that was now divided into two bottles, one of which Richard slung round his neck, and the other was taken in charge by the boatswain; Filton and Barton making a similar division of the solids. They

were all beginning to feel very thirsty, but wisely drew sparingly from their store, remembering the length of the way, though this turned out much farther for some of them than for the rest. They had not gone very far together before a dispute arose between Richard and Blunt about the path, which ended in their choosing different routes, Richard being seconded by his friend Barton, and the more prudent ship's carpenter choosing to follow the boatswain's lead.

'You'll see, Blunt,' said Richard, as he turned off on his road, 'we shall be up long before you, and meet you when you arrive.'

'Umph,' growled the boatswain, 'stand on if you like. I've nought more to say. I keeps my weather eye open as well as yourn any day. Only take care you don't come down faster than you go up. It aint a pair of stairs round there.'

'Nor a plank exactly your road,' said Richard, gaily. 'You'll have to 'bout ship many times before we meet again, I fancy, Mr. Boatswain.'

The boatswain looked at Richard with a grim, good-humoured, sarcastic smile, as he stepped forward, turned his quid round in his mouth, and ejected a little tobacco-juice on the rock, and

shoving his hands into his pockets, remarked to his companion, in a tone that reached Richard's ear distinctly,

'Young folks think old folks fools; but old folks *know* young folks to be fools; but they will learn their sperience for theirselves. Come along, Filton.'

'Fools, eh, indeed!' said Richard. 'Never mind, Barton; time will show. Just see, is anything to compare with this path? It's quite shady and as broad again as the other path.'

'To be sure,' replied Barton. 'But see, Dick, you're getting out into the sun. It's so awfully hot—that way isn't quite so broad, but it looks more cool.'

'Ay, that must be the way, too,' said Richard; 'for I see this leads us up slap against the steep rock. I say, Barton, a north-easter would be agreeable here, wouldn't it?'

'Very; but we wont give in.'

'*Give in*, indeed,' said Richard; 'you'll find fast enough that I'm not one of the giving-in sort.'

They went on talking and laughing for some time, up the rocky surface of the mountain, turning aside for one impediment or another, till they were silent from fatigue.

The broad morning sun poured on them from

the clear sky, and was reflected upwards from the grey stone,—not a bush, not a shrub was near to afford the least shade, and at last they were brought up by a sharp declivity, round which there was no way—a dark, perpendicular precipice, running sheer down to some unfathomable depth.

'Hove to!' exclaimed Richard, looking round with a perplexed air.

'Blunt was right, then,' remarked Barton; 'the old chap's very wide awake.'

'And so are we,' said Richard, almost fiercely. 'I dare say they have got into still worse predicaments. Wait till we hear their story. This kind of hill is the most difficult thing in the world to climb. You fancy you are going straight and find you have gone round. I once quite lost myself on a green hill in Wales, and was an hour getting up. Now you see, if we can't go up, we can but go down by the way we came.'

'Do you think we can find that way?' asked Barton. 'And just look—only look, Dick, what we've come up. I hardly think I could venture down with my eyes open.'

Richard looked round again, with the mental acknowledgment that the way did not look promising, either backward or forward; but it

did not suit his spirit and temper to confess his admission aloud, so he only replied, 'Men come up every day, so there must be a way.'

'Yes, there is one right way to most labyrinths,' said Barton; 'but have we found it? that's the question. Some say this rock is inaccessible in some parts.'

'And some people have proved that it is not inaccessible,' said Richard, coolly. 'Didn't you hear the other day that an officer got over the inaccessible part, and walked into the camp, to the great discomfiture of all the wiseacres, who said that the camp on that side was impregnable? So, come along; never say die! If we go up, we must get up somehow. Let us clamber up this, and see what's beyond. We'll take a pull at the bottle before we begin.'

Barton agreed, and they climbed the rock for some distance, slipping and scrambling, till they found themselves fairly jammed in a crevice, with no prospect but deep chasms and precipices. Extricating themselves as well as they could, they mounted still higher, only emerging from one peril to encounter another. Once or twice they seated themselves on a rocky pinnacle, and scanned the landscape to see if there were any chance of retracing their steps; but no!—looking back was horrible, and it seemed certain

death to attempt any retrograde course. On above was their only chance; they did not there see all their peril, and nothing else was left them. Several times, in spite of his determination, Richard was nearly 'done up,' and sat still, taking a very sparing sip of water to enable him to mount the next step, fanning his burned face, and loosing his drenched clothes; but Barton was completely exhausted, and at length stretched himself full length in a crevice of the rock, nearly fainting. Richard was almost in despair at this catastrophe. He unfastened his friend's shirt-collar, sprinkled a few drops of their precious water on his face, and forcing some between his teeth, fanned him with his hat, till the youth revived and sat up, to be cheered up by such remarks as 'Now come, Barton, never say die while there's a shot in the locker.'

'I'm afraid all the shots are spent,' said Barton, languidly; 'I don't see how I'm to get on any further up these terrible rocks. Look out, and see if the top is anywhere to be seen.'

Richard obeyed; but there was nothing to be seen save a wall of stone above, with scarcely roughness enough on its surface to afford footing for a chamois hunter, and below and on each side a forest of sharp pinnacles, intersected with

valleys of profound chasms of the most frightful nature. Richard felt his own heart sink, but he did not dare to allow himself to despond.

'Here, Barton,' he said, in a cheerful tone, 'I'll go up and see what's above this. You are nicely in the shade just now, and the best thing you can do is to rest. You will come round comfortably in a few minutes.'

'Nay, don't you go,' exclaimed Barton. 'I shall be sure to lose you if you do. You know you can't get down, and I shall have no heart to get up without you.'

'We are in a sort of a fix, then,' said Richard, rubbing his head and face in his perplexity with something of impatience. 'Here, take some more water. That's it. There now, don't you feel all right and fit to mount? Come, screw your courage to the sticking-point, and we'll not fail.'

'I shall soon be fit to mount again, if you sit quietly with me,' said Barton. 'No, I wont have any more water—you have given me a great deal more than my share already. There's scarcely a drop left; keep it for yourself.'

Richard sat as still as desired for some little time, when he again proposed their attempting the ascent, and Barton agreeing, they recom-

menced their difficult task. Richard was this time rather alarmed at the spent condition of his companion when he reached the next ledge of rock; though he cheered him on, he almost wondered that either of them had gained the heights they had just passed. Over their heads a shelf of rock jutted out, and seemed quite inaccessible from a direct point; but, to the right, Richard thought he descried something more like a path. While reconnoitring, he caught sight for a moment of a hat over the ledge above, and immediately hailed help, as an English sailor only can hail. The hat reappeared, remained a second or two, and then vanished. Richard mentioned the circumstance to his friend, and stood to watch. Presently the hat, and this time with a visible head in it, appeared a yard or two lower down, and then an agile body flung itself over on to a jutting point below, and the Italian, Silvio, stood confessed. Barton had risen at Richard's shout, and was now standing at his side, his spirits raised considerably at the sight of a human creature besides themselves. He now called out, 'Hey, Silvio! That's right, old fellow. Are we far from the top?'

'Hang it!' exclaimed Richard, in a low voice, 'Peter, by all that's romantic I'm getting super-

stitious, Barton. I never have any luck when that fellow is near me.'

Meantime, the Italian drew nearer, and pointed upwards.

'Top vera near,' he shouted, 'you come one, four, six steps more. 'Pose Signor wait for Reechard.'

'Some good news, at any rate,' said Richard, 'though I cannot make out what he said last.'

'Never mind,' remarked Barton, cheerfully, 'we have heard enough. It will go hard with me if I cannot manage a few steps more.'

'Dey be deep steps,' said the Italian. 'Come on leetle bit. Dere, give Silvio hand; you nòt mountain walker.'

'We lost our way,' said Barton, beginning to climb the intervening pinnacle. In his haste and eagerness he had very nearly lost his footing, and would have been down the tremendous height, had not Richard, at the imminent risk of his own life, stopped him, and held him up till Silvio managed to reach and give him his hand, when between them they soon reached a landing-place of perfect safety, near which ran the mountain pathway.

'Now, leetel bit all straight,' said the Italian, encouragingly. 'We got right up to top.'

'You're a plucky fellow, Peter,' said Richard;

'much obliged to you, I am sure. Isn't it hot work?'

'Vera tirsty work,' said Silvio; 'we soon glad of water.'

'Here, take this,' exclaimed Richard, detaching the bottle from his neck, with haste more generous than might be generally understood by those who had not undergone his fatigue, nor exercised so much self-control to save that drop of water he was so ready to give away. 'Drink this, Silvio; I wish it were more.'

'Silvio do not want *your* water,' replied the man, gravely, putting away the bottle; 'plenty of his own—not yours.'

'Very well,' said Richard, 'it's not worth while remembering old scores so long, but as you like,' and offering it again to Barton, who refused it a second time, he eagerly drank off the water, and flung the bottle away, listening with a mixed feeling of horror and gratification to the distant sound of the falling missile. They were presently at the summit of the rock. Richard was hardly conscious of the small gathering that stood on the platform, so absorbed was he in the satisfaction of attaining the goal. He took off his hat and waved it above his head with a shout, as he stepped up, and all sense of fatigue seemed to

vanish here in an instant. All free and open to every wind of heaven that blew, with a fresh clear breeze blowing on his head and face, a magnificent prospect before him, and the feat accomplished, for a short time he was insensible to exhausted muscles or damaged feet, though he was afterwards painfully conscious that he had worn out his shoes in the ascent, and strained his arm a little in assisting Barton. On one side, stretched out far below his feet, lay miles of sea, dotted with ships, and sparkling with glittering sunlight and crests of white foam; on the other as wide an expanse of country, black unpleasing Aden, with its blemishes covered by distance, barren villages, scanty pasturage, all novel in their aspect to his English ideas; and beyond the white sand and greyish rocks, with the stunted vegetation of the Arabian desert, magnificent in their very sterility and vast solitary emptiness. Richard was allowed to gaze long in silence on the prospect; the honest boatswain's voice was the first to rouse him.

'Well, my lad, sighted land at last? How did you find those stairs down below? I thought Filton and me would have to rig a halyard and haul you both up. It's my way of thinking yet that coming in at the front

door is mightier easier nor the backstairs, after all. Aint it yourn?'

'Such a getting upstairs,' said Filton. 'Now I warrant your feet are pretty well cut to pieces.'

'Too proud to say 'I'm a fool, boatswain,' eh?' said Blunt, laying his hand heavily on Richard's arm; 'them backstairs is the best as ever was made—that's the yarn, isn't it?'

'Ah! you may reckon yourself fortunate in getting up just before us,' said Richard, 'just to let us suppose you came up on carpets.'

'Ay, ay,' said Blunt, good-humouredly, 'we understand all about it, don't we, both on us? Now come along, and eat what we've left of the prog, and I'll see about that poor lad yonder. He's done up, at any rate. It's such a mercy that you've come up with any brains at all, that I don't say nothing that you've lost a few. And now, here's Peter been a good friend to you to-day. He's brought you up safely, and——'

Richard interrupted the conclusion of his worthy friend's speech by an exclamation. In turning round, he suddenly came face to face with a gentleman whom he found standing quietly by his side, as though he had been admiring the prospect with him, and immediately recognised an old and unexpected friend.

'Granville! is it possible?'

'It is,' said Granville. 'I have been searching for you for an hour or two; met Silvio a little way from the camp as I was starting to go down to see the *Ajdaha*, which, I heard, was anchored here on her way from Bombay. Of course I was very much surprised to see him; but as he informed me that he was in the *Old Coalpit*, and the *Old Coalpit* was in Aden Bay, I remembered you were not far off, and made Silvio act as guide, which he did by bringing me up here in time to help you out of your predicament. As rash as ever, Boothby!'

'No harm done,' said Richard, laughing; 'I know what *I* can do; but the worst of it is, that sometimes I do not know what my friends are equal to. But how came you here? Come, sit down; I must have some water; I am awfully thirsty.'

While Richard was refreshing himself with the remainder of the 'prog,' to which Blunt had invited him, Granville and he had a most interesting conversation. Granville informed Richard that he was travelling with Mr. Erle's only son, as tutor and companion; that they had come down from Alexandria, and were going to visit Horeb, Petrea, and Syria, and 'every other lion' that could be compressed into three or four months, 'by the end of which

time,' continued Granville, 'we are due in Italy to meet Mr. and Mrs. Erle, and your old friend Mildred.'

These names carried Richard back to old times so strongly as to sadden him, and he sat silently listening to Granville's amusing history of his visit to Cairo, and of the difficulty he had in stimulating his pupil to any interest in the classical notoriety of the places they had visited. 'He is one of the most pleasant, happy tempers you ever met,' said Granville, laughing; 'and is always trying to make you comfortable; but you cannot make him care whether the Pyramids were intended for tombs or secret store-houses; and Belzoni might have comfortably never lived, for all Erle would have profited by his researches. I really think he would feel far greater interest in any of the buildings he has been dragged over, if he could find the name of Cubitt surreptitiously engraved thereon. He will, however, make an excellent man of business;—but you know him well.'

'Oh, yes, to be sure—good-natured Tom Erle. He's shrewd enough, though he certainly will not be a learned man; but as I am not one myself, it would not signify to me.'

'Nor to me, as far as my affection may be concerned,' said Granville; 'I must not stay very

long up here, as I promised to meet with him at a friend's in an hour or so. Perhaps you will come with me and see him again.' Richard consented readily, and having arranged a rendezvous with Blunt, obtained a tacit permission from his chaperon to accompany Granville. He felt the descent very fatiguing at first, but after a time his muscles became again used to exertion, and not allowing himself to rest on his way sufficiently to become conscious of the effort he was making, he soon was so absorbed in going over old times, that he was surprised to find himself at the foot of the mountain. When here, he suddenly became aware of the state of his sailor's dress, and would not be persuaded to accompany Granville to the quarters where he was to meet Tom Erle; and Granville was eventually obliged to leave him, promising to try to bring Erle to see him; and he gave Richard their address, in case he could get shore leave again before the *Coalpit* left Aden.

'Don't expect me,' said Richard; 'we leave in another week for Mocha, and our Captain's not liberal with his leave; so you must promise to come to me if you see nothing of me, and let him see that you are parties with whom he may trust his 'prentice.'

'We have only a couple of days longer here, unless Erle likes the place better than I do; but he has found a few old acquaintances among the officers, and I believe is, on the whole, very well satisfied for the present.'

Richard bade his friend adieu, with the understanding that they were to meet, if possible; but owing to some greater dispatch than was expected, he found, on his return to the ship, that she was to sail in three days instead of a week, and that no hands could now be spared for more than a chance hour before they started for Mocha, which news put him not a little out of humour, and ended in his quarrelling with both the Italian and the ship's carpenter on small provocation; and, spreading from them to the second mate, the Captain heard the noise, and the matter resulted in the faint chance of leave for our hero being dashed to the ground. He had nearly given up all idea of seeing Granville again, for the last day had arrived, and all hands were making ready to sail, and nothing but noise and activity afloat in the *Coalpit*; when a boat arrived, which no one had noticed till it came alongside, and after exchanging a few words with the second mate, Granville and his pupil stepped on board, and Richard heard his own name. He and the carpenter had been

at daggers drawn all the morning, on some allusion to their previous quarrel, and it was Filton who was near the well-dressed gentlemen, inquiring for 'Mr. Boothby,' and who, consequently, replied to them.

'*Mr.* Boothby? I say, Sails, where's *Mister* Boothby? Yonder, isn't he; hail him, will you? Didn't I see him just now, with the slush-tub; or was he swabbing the deck, eh? Hail him.'

Richard understood fully the spite of the reply, but came manfully forward.

'Well, and so you didn't come to us at last?' said Tom Erle. 'Eh, but you come the regular Jack tar, and no mistake; doesn't he, Granville?'

'You don't find sea-life all fair sailing, I dare say, Boothby,' said Granville, smiling.

'Well, not exactly,' said Richard. 'One looks out for squalls sometimes; but it suits me. I'd rather have a few squalls now and then than the monotony of fine weather always.'

'How do you get on with Silvio?'

'Oh, Peter, we call him. Why, to say the truth, I don't much fancy the man. I've always such ill-luck when I am with him.'

'Poor fellow,' said Granville, seriously; but Erle interrupted him.

'But how was it, Boothby, you couldn't manage to get up to see us yesterday?'

'Because I could not get away, and so I got sulky and got into an awful row with our carpenter, and then the skipper stopped leave altogether and—There goes—we shall have to turn you out directly; was ever such an unlucky fellow as I am? come along forward, I owe the carpenter a grudge—some day, I'll pay him out.'

The cry of 'All hands up anchor!' had disturbed the conversation of the friends, and Richard, leading the way, went forward.

'Hallo! where's the carpenter?' shouted the second mate. 'Where's Filton?'

'He's busy mending his temper, down below,' said Richard; 'there's a screw loose.'

As he spoke, the man took his place with a heavy hammer to keep guard over the riding of the cable; Granville was standing by, and remarked to Richard, in a low voice, 'Do you make enemies often, Richard?'

'I don't think about it,' replied Richard, carelessly, as the carpenter turned round.

'The gemmen had better be after landing, *I* think. Stand off, if you please, we han't got no room for company.'

'Thank you; we will take care of ourselves, my man,' said Granville, coolly.

'Well, sir, just as you like; but you'll have to take care you don't get carried to England by a route you didn't calculate on, not to speak——'

'Hold your tongue, will you,' said Richard, angrily; 'what business have you to be talking in this way to gentlemen?'

Filton had his answer ready, but was stopped by the second mate.

'Now my men—with a will. Heave cheerily. *Time* for us to go, my hearties.'

It was rather exciting to the spectators, to watch the hearty enthusiasm of the men as they worked the windlass to the measured cadence. Granville stood listening, with a silent expression of enthusiasm, to the blending of the deep hearty voices, which had a beauty of their own as they swelled through the air and over the water, the roughness of the untutored voices softened by space, and rounded by their junction in the steady swing of the time and the words, which though certainly not remarkable for sense in themselves, have a peculiar and touching significance of their own for the sailor.

'Time for us to go, my boys—
Time for us to go—
Time for us to go, my hearties;
We're homeward bound, you know.'

On they went—many fathoms of cable had run over the revolving windlass, when the cable 'rode,' through some carelessness of the carpenter, whose business it was to watch this process; though with the true spirit of a careless workman, he endeavoured to throw the blame upon others; and the apprentices, and especially Richard, came in for a share of his abuse, it being his desire more particularly to mortify the latter before his friends.

'Hold hard, there, you skulking rascals! Why don't you hold on by that——'

'To whom are you speaking?' shouted Richard, as fiercely, his blood thoroughly up, though his tone was much cooler than usual when angry. 'Pray mind your own business, Mr. Chips, and don't lay the blame of your own awkwardness on others.'

'If you'd been looking after your own business,' said the carpenter, 'instead of talking to fine gentlemen, it wouldn't have happened.'

'I'd advise you, Mr. Chips, to keep a civil tongue in your head, or it may be worse for you.'

'If you don't hold your tongue, you young vagabond,' said the carpenter, 'you'll feel the weight of a rope's-end presently.'

'Eh! what's that?' exclaimed Richard, standing bolt upright and looking steadily at him with

an ominous glitter in his eye; 'dare to lay a finger on me at—your—peril.'

'*Dare!*' said the carpenter.

'Just try, that's all,' said Richard, quietly.

The men had all paused at the fracas; and the carpenter, though rather daunted by the apprentice's tone and attitude, hit him as he concluded his defiant challenge, an irresolute tap with the maul he poised in his hand. In an instant—almost quicker than thought or sight—Richard concentrated all his energy into a downright blow, and the carpenter measured his length on the fore-hatchway, in front of which the scene took place. There was a shout of applause, and Richard, rather satisfied with his exploit, did not pursue his victory further; but coolly remarked as he laid hold anew of the jigger,

'It was well for him the hatchway was closed, and now, perhaps, he will do his business without meddling with that of other people.'

Richard's chastisement of the carpenter appeared to have the desired effect; for the man rose, quiet and crest-fallen, to resume his work, and did not attempt any further interference with either Richard or his friends.

The ship was just gathering headway as Granville and his pupil stepped over the side to return home, and Richard was left to the old life, and to the company of the *Coalpit's* crew, till they should reach England again.

CHAPTER XIV.

IT was now about the beginning of September, and the *Coalpit*, after an absence of nine or ten months was drawing very near to her port, and the spirits grew light and the voices low and tender among the rough crew, who with willing hearts and quick motions were doing their best, if not to hasten, at least not to retard, the speedy arrival of the ship at *home*. The night before they fairly sighted the harbour of Furstcastle the weather was very rough; the wind 'blowing great guns,' and the rain falling in torrents; but towards early morning the storm ceased, and the sun rose brightly on broken fleecy clouds and a heaving sea, showing the eager watchers on deck and rigging the fair town, as she lay with the background of green trees and her forest guard of masts. It was strange, after that eager yearning for home, and that counting of hours and watching for signals which should herald the old landmarks, how silent and still the men, in many cases, became as the barque came in sight of the haven, and

certainty usurped the place of anticipation. Suddenly a hearty, prolonged shout rang out on the river, and a few minutes afterwards, a busy little tug, which had been plying incessantly in its vocation through the day, was attached to the ship, and she rode in triumphantly to her place among the masts and yards that appeared to protect the town, round which they reared their height. The ship was boarded immediately by Custom-house officers, and some officials on behalf of the mercantile firm of Erle and Macintosh; and presently came relations of some of the men, and many touching scenes took place. There were one or two who stood alone among these meetings, and among these last were Silvio, and Richard Boothby, who had not chosen to write home to announce his probable arrival on that Saturday evening. It was not very long before Richard was ashore, and after a short interview with the junior partner of the firm, during which he learned that in a few days the *Old Coalpit* was to sail for Genoa, and that his leave of absence would but extend over that short space of time, he returned to the ship to lock up his chest, and take away such articles as he did not like to leave behind, and then with a beating, eager heart set forwards towards home; now doubly dear from his long absence

and hard life. It was a clear, lovely, fresh evening when he drew near the little hamlet, and the still country sounds impressed him with something at once strangely sad and soothing. Instead of feeling bright and happy, a heavy sense of some impending sorrow stole over him; and he dared not bend his steps in the direction of the Cloister, though he stood where he could now see the clustered chimneys and upper casement windows glittering in the setting sun. Children's voices, the low of a sleepy cow, and the occasional whistle or exclamation of some farm labourer, spoke of life and work at no great distance from the little knoll on which he stood; but as far as his eye could reach there was nothing to be seen but common stretching away right and left, and immediately in front the well-known cradle of trees, now slightly touched by autumn, in the shelter of which lay the grey roof pinnacles and thatched cottages so familiar to Richard, who for the first time saw his old life before him, with its faults, its follies, its loss of opportunities, and disregard of care and affection, as plainly as when hanging between life and death he knew that a few seconds might dash him into eternity. A quick step near him made him move aside to a well-known pathway which he knew would take him by the church

home. Richard was at the church in a few minutes, and still under the impression just described, and attracted by the sound of the little organ within, he unlatched the gate and entered the churchyard. There was one modest grave in a corner, railed round and carefully planted with flowers, and to this Richard bent his steps. He remembered an old time long before, when his mother used to talk to him of a man's duty, and hope that her boy would be a steady, industrious Christian; one who would strive to show by his deeds that he was a disciple of Christ, not saying 'Lord, Lord' only, but DOING the things the Lord commands; as if it were but yesterday her gentle look came back, and Richard felt at that moment that he was not worthy of any of the home blessings he had so wilfully cast away from him. He drew a long breath of relief when he came close enough to see that the flowers and shrubs growing within the railing were undisturbed, and that the headstone bore only the inscription he knew so well. There are times when it would seem that the Spirit of God speaks peculiarly to the children of men: it would be well if at such times they would open their hearts; but too many, as Richard, drive away the solemn voice, as if to listen were a weakness.

Richard sat some time by his mother's grave, listening to the music within the church, till the organist and singers left the building, and all was again still. He was just on the point of going on his way, when his ear was again struck by a distant sighing of music. He started up; 'That's our organ, I am sure;' and leaving the churchyard at once, he hastened on as briskly as he had before loitered. The music, which had increased in volume of sound as he approached the Cloister, ceased a few minutes before he entered the garden. He ran up to the window of the oak parlour. The golden sunlight was streaming on a pretty group. Henrietta, dressed very simply in white, was seated at the organ, with her little blind sister standing by her side, and the two younger brothers were standing with their backs turned to the window, holding a book so that the light might fall on it; and their attitude and earnest faces lit up by the deep-coloured light, so fascinated Richard, that drawing himself back, so as to be partly concealed by an evergreen, which grew at one side of the window, he listened for some minutes to the conversation before he made himself known. Edith was speaking.

'Yes, that is a very pretty hymn, Hetty;

but I don't know the words yet. George wont mind reading it again; will you, George?'

'Oh, no; and then we'll sing it again, replied her brother; 'this is a hymn Dick ought to sing, Hetty.'

'We will sing it for him; will we not, dear?' said Henrietta, in a low voice.

At this moment the handle of a door turned, and a familiar step sounded on the polished floor. Richard's heart beat fast, and the eager tears sprang to his eyes; but he restrained himself, and still listened—Edith spoke again.

'Ah, papa! I know that is papa. Papa, do come and sing with us. I'm so glad you've come so early, Saturday night isn't half so good when you are away. George, read the hymn to papa. Now, papa dear, listen.'

'Let me sit down, and then my little girl can come to me. Henrietta, darling, I hope you are not tired?'

There was something very anxious in Mr. Boothby's tone of inquiry; but Henrietta answered cheerfully, and George began to read—

'Lord of earth, and air, and sea,
Supreme in power and grace,
Under Thy protection, we
Our souls and bodies place.

Bold, an unknown land to try,
We launch into the foaming deep;
Rocks, and storms, and death defy,
With Jesus in the ship.

'Who the calm can understand
In a believer's breast?
In the hollow of His hand
Our souls securely rest;
Winds may rise and seas may roar,
We on His love our spirits stay;
Him with quiet joy adore
Whom winds and seas obey.'

'There, papa,' said Edith, 'isn't that nice,

'Winds may rise and seas may roar,
We on His love our spirits stay?'

'Very nice, my dear. Whose choice is it?'

'Henrietta's, papa,' replied Harold. 'I think I know why she chose it—that we might think of Dick.'

There was a silence, when George spoke.

'When's the *Old Coalpit* coming home, papa?'

'She has been spoken with, and is expected on Monday. She sent letters on shore at I——. I hoped to hear from Dick. I suppose no letter has arrived in my absence?'

'No,' answered George. 'Mr. Jones told us the storm was very violent off the coast, papa.'

'I hope Dick wasn't in it,' said Harold; 'there were two wrecks.'

'No; I dare say he is all safe,' said Edith.

'Why, my dear?' asked Mr. Boothby.

'Don't you know, we all prayed for him?' answered Edith, in a low voice.

'But sometimes God does not see fit to answer our prayers in our way, my darling; so, though we may *hope*, we must not feel hardly dealt by if our wishes are not given us. There are many things too hard for us to understand of God's ways; but if He see fit to afflict us, we must try to believe that He knows best, and try to say, as Eli did: It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good. Surely His way is in the sea, and His path in the mighty water, and His footsteps are not known.'

'Papa,' exclaimed Henrietta, 'have you any bad news for us?'

'No, my darling,' replied her father, cheerfully; 'I was thinking of many things at the moment; but let me hear you sing your hymn, and then we will pray for Richard and his ship, and we will read the escape of the *Castor and Pollux*, Paul's ship.'

'Do you think Dick is a *believer?*' said Harold; 'because, if he is, he needn't be afraid of any storms. Do you, papa?'

'If I could feel sure of that, my boy, I should not feel uneasy about him; but now the hymn.'

They began to sing, and Richard, no longer able to restrain his feelings, rushed into the house, into the room, and in another moment was sobbing amongst them, in a state of mingled joy and agitation.

* * * * *

When Richard awoke the next morning, he could not at first realize his situation. The sun was shining in at the window, lighting up the white-painted panels of the walls of his room, and the dimity furniture of his little bed, the fresh, roomy space and quiet, all offering the greatest contrast to the darkness and discomfort of his late quarters. As soon as he stirred a soft little hand was passed over his face; he caught it and kissed it.

'Edith,' he said, as the child stooped over his pillow to kiss him; 'well, after all, there is no place like home—is there?'

'I don't think there is,' said Edith; 'and now wont you always stay at home, Dick?'

'That's another question, little one,' replied her brother, a sad expression passing over his face. 'A man, you know, may think bed a very comfortable place, but he may not decide always to lie in bed. Eh, what do you say to

that? And besides, sometimes he is obliged to 'rouse out' in spite of himself.'

Edith had nothing to answer to this argument, so she only stroked his face again, and stopped another sigh with a kiss.

'At any rate, Dick, whatever you must be, do be a Christian—promise me.'

'Ah! indeed, Edith, that is the hardest thing of all. I cannot promise; you must go on praying for me.'

'Oh, Dick! but you *must* pray for yourself,' said Edith, earnestly; 'if you were a *believer* we should none of us be uneasy.'

'Should not you?' replied Richard, seriously, looking into the little blind face by him. He kissed her eyes, and stroked her hair affectionately, and proposed to call Pauline to help her downstairs, as he wanted to get up. She assured him she did not need a guide, and she left the room, and he presently heard her singing on the stairs, in her clear, child-like voice, 'Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened.'

That Sunday was a very peaceful day to Richard, and they were all very happy together. There was, however, something he could hardly understand about his eldest sister. Some change had passed over Henrietta that awed him, and

he noticed that his father and Pauline watched her anxiously, and were always on the alert to save her any exertion, and seemed to think it necessary to be very careful of her; but until the evening, he had been so excited, and so busily engaged, that it had not occurred to him to ask if anything were the matter. He looked at her once or twice when his father's tender tone rather startled him, but on each occasion was only struck by her beauty, and his scrutiny ended in a remark,

'Hetty, no one would take you for my sister. You are as handsome as I am ugly, I declare. Doesn't she grow a stunning girl, father? such a colour.'

Mr. Boothby looked up gravely, and made no reply.

'I never saw a girl so improved,' continued Richard; 'as for me, there's no hope for my ugly phiz since the wound I got falling down that shaft.'

'I hope you will never see that mark without remembering your escape, my boy,' said his father, gravely, and changed the subject.

Henrietta did not attend evening service; when the party returned from Church they found her lying on a sofa in the parlour. Richard hastened to her, and seated himself at her feet.

George followed him to the sofa, and stood playing with his sister's hand.

'What a good thing it is, Hetty, that you were not gone to the Isle of Wight before Dick came, is it not?'

'The Isle of Wight,' said Richard; 'were you going there? With whom are you going to stay?'

'Edith and Pauline,' said Henrietta.

'What on earth for?' asked her brother. 'What will father do without you?'

'Oh, she's been very poorly,' said George, 'so we must do the best we can.'

'Poorly! Why, Hetty;' and Richard's face darkened all over. 'Hetty, my dear, you haven't a cough, have you?'

'She doesn't cough as much as she did,' replied George. 'Oh, she was so ill when you went away.'

'But I am very much better now,' said Henrietta, cheerfully. 'You must not let them make you dismal about my health; I shall soon be well; I am so *much* better. The Isle of Wight is only a precautionary measure, I believe; they say the Old Coalpit is too damp and cold in winter for me.'

Richard knelt down by her, and putting his arms tenderly round her, kissed her passionately.

They remained looking into each other's eyes without speaking for a long time; then Henrietta whispered comfort to her brother, and told him of a still greater change that had passed over her mind and soul, and how she longed and prayed for that, of all things, for him. Their father once entered the room, but left them alone again, till Pauline came to look after Henrietta, when Richard insisted on carrying his sister into her bed-room. During the remainder of his short visit Henrietta appeared much as usual, with the exception of some apparent weakness, and Richard's fears were calmed; but he never quite forgot the whispered conversation of that Sunday evening, though for some time it appeared to profit him little.

CHAPTER XV.

RICHARD was on board again, in company with the old crew, but his kind and pious Captain was no longer at the head of affairs, and had given place to a very different person: a clever, smart seaman, as sharp and decided in his actions as in his words, and indifferent to most things on board, provided every thing was ship-shape. He took rather a fancy to Richard, and, understanding that he was a gentleman's son, he accommodated him almost entirely in his own cabin; and, finding him handy with tools and contrivances, kept him pretty well employed during the voyage in making various repairs in his cabin, which he preferred having done by him; declaring, for some reason, that the ship's carpenter was not worth his salt, so that, though Richard's seamanship did not progress, he lived in much greater comfort, and underwent fewer hardships than in his first voyage. The change of manners on board was very soon apparent under Captain Dare's *régime*, and swearing and bad language became again prevalent. Richard was in some respects

preserved from this, by his association with the higher powers; but, as may be expected, he suffered in other essential points, and by the time they arrived in Genoa, the religious impressions he might have received during his former voyage and from his little visit at home, had apparently all been eradicated.

It was a fine calm day early in October, when the *Coalpit* entered the Bay of Genoa, and full of admiration Richard stood on deck gazing at the fair city, as it swept round the curve of the bay, climbing up the hills behind, as if claiming a right to command the blue waters, over which she had, in the proud times gone by, sent her sons, when England's sailor-strength slept in unconscious undevelopment. It was a fair and goodly sight at a little distance, though much of the magic vanished on a closer inspection; and still more effectually did the fairy illusion depart, when the narrow streets were subsequently explored. But Richard was eager to land, and they had scarcely anchored, when, secure of his favour with Captain Dare, he approached him and requested leave to go on shore.

'Hey!' exclaimed the Captain rather sharply; 'Go on shore! Hang it; but you don't lose anything for the asking.'

'If you please, sir, I want a tool or two to

get on with your shower-bath. I should like to get it done, and be clear for a spell when you can let some of us go on shore. I suppose there are places where a fellow can buy something in this fine antique place?'

'Can't you get what you want from the carpenter?' asked the Captain, with an oath.

'Chips and I don't pull together very well, you know, sir. He owes me a grudge, too, for the cabin work I've been doing, do you see?'

The Captain swore again, and declared that all the ship's tools were his, and that the carpenter should know who was master, and was about to summon him; when catching sight of Richard's annoyed countenance, he stopped and laughed, and giving him a shove on the shoulder, exclaimed,

'Eh, there! I can see through a millstone as clearly as any one. Get along with you. Now, mind, I expect to see you and the tools back in an hour and a half. There's Harry going ashore for me, so you are in luck to get a companion and a boat; mind I see you back with him.'

Richard thanked him, and was presently off with Harry, and they pulled merrily towards the shore among the ships, yachts, gay little pleasure-boats, and smaller bum-boats plying to and fro between the city and the shipping, some

laden with fruits and vegetables, others with clean clothes, neatly and daintily carried to their destination in white baskets lined with pink. They were cheerily hailed by many of the light-hearted men and women who passed them, whose light laugh and cheerful boat-song came pleasantly over water and air. At length the boat touched the landing-steps, and Richard, by this time quite elated with the scene, the songs, the clear air and the blue sky, began to think Italy must be the very brightest country on earth, and sprang on shore with an elastic step and bright face, to prosecute his search after a file and drill-stock. Several good-humoured black-eyed women stood near with fruit, their stalls erected near the old walls of the lofty buildings which bounded the narrow but picturesque streets; and such fruit Richard had never seen. He and his companion were immediately assailed on their landing by sundry invitations, both in gesture and words, uttered in a coaxing merry tone, and accompanied by tenders of fruit.

'Eh, Jack! Com here, I say. Eh, Jack, likee de grape? Avez de vino? Ah, c'est très good, Jack—bono de grape. Vera good, Jack.'

'What a jolly lot of good-humoured wenches they are, with their black eyes and white teeth;

are they not?' exclaimed Richard. 'It makes one good-tempered to look at them; I must go and have some fruit.'

'Ay, come along,' said Harry; 'I know this fruit of old. Bettina keeps something better under hatches than grapes—eh, old lady, don't you? very bono de grape; more better de juice,' he added, bringing himself to anchor in front of a choice collection of fruit. 'Ah, Bettina, me wantee de grape—de grape very bono.'

'Ah, Jack! you come for grape; here, I say, Jack, likee de vino?'

The woman stooped behind the stall, and held up a bottle in front of the sailor, with an arch laugh, which displayed all her white even teeth to advantage.

'Ah, Jack! bono de grape—more better de vino.'

Richard was much amused at the scene, and made signs for some fruit for himself.

'Never mind your dumb show,' said Harry; 'she'll understand your lingo fast enough. These Italian beggars get hold of our tongue like fun, and Johnny Frenchman's as well. You know all about it; don't you, Bettina, my woman? Dis here *piccola* Jack; he know nothing. He likee de grape, Bettina,' continued Harry, nodding and pointing to the fruit and

Richard by turns, as he shouted his broken English in his strong sailor tone, while Richard laughed till he could hardly stand, at the two quaint figures of the fruit-woman and tar, nodding and grinning at one another, the former still extending her arm with the bottle, and talking with perfect comprehension that she was expected to patronize Richard's juvenility and ignorance, and very proud of sporting all the English she knew.

'Poor littel Jack; here de grape for you—de vino, too. You no can savez, mon enfant? You no can see, littel Jack?'

'He likee our company, signora; he laughie veree much. Come now, Bettina, old girl, let us see what's to pay, for we short of time; the skipper is too much quick for us. What is de money? how much?'

The woman was helping Richard to some grapes, and hardly paused in her work to hold up three fingers, and say something merrily to Harry; to which the sailor replied by lugging out some money with something of an oath, which elicited a remonstrance from the woman.

'Eh, Jack, you no tink! De grape when you do *eat* is *noting*—when you *take* is to pay. De vino is more to pay when you pay—not dear, Jack. Pas de tout cher.'

'No can savez, signora. More better to come and eat and drink at your stall, and not never to carry noting away, Bettina,' shouted the tar. 'I say, comrade, come along; the skipper's pertickler about time. You will can savey his ugly phiz again de next time; will you not, Bettina? You givee him, dis littel *piccola* Jack, one grape vera cheap, for Peter. Mind you give him cheap, with ugly face, old woman. You can see—eh?'

The woman looked in the direction of the sailor's hand as it pointed to Richard's scarred face, and shook her head, with a little laugh, without quite comprehending the drift of his nonsense.

'Non e bello, littel Jack not prettee—eh? One fine signora come. Oh, e bella—bellissima. Ah, la mia bella signora,' she replied.

'Ah, come along; I don'tee comprenez what you're bellowing about, Bettina,' said Harry. 'She don't think your beauty will stand in the way of her patronage, I'll warrant, at any rate, Dick!'

'I think the less you say on that subject the better,' replied Richard. 'It is not handsome.'

'No, perhaps it aint, to strike a fellow when he's down,' said Harry, carelessly. 'Never mind, it makes no difference at all to me. I'll

love you—were you as ugly as sin. Here, this is the way, I knows the place.'

'You know your way and I mine,' said Richard, coolly; 'I see the place I want elsewhere. I wish you good day.'

So saying, he turned off in an independent path towards a small corner shop, in the window of which he had seen some implements indicative of the trade he sought; and, walking into the shop, he presently found himself face to face with a little wizen man, who was serving a gentleman with a small hammer and some nails. Richard did not notice the customer, being intent upon the best way of making his own wants known to the master of the shop. He had, however, hardly said, hoping that French might serve his turn better than English, 'J'ai besoin de,' when the gentleman standing by, laid down his hammer, and seized his hand with a cordial recognition.

'What!' exclaimed Richard, 'Granville again! Well, this is good fortune. You here at the same time as myself. I never thought of this luck when I said good-bye to you. But are you here with Erle?'

'Yes,' replied Granville; for it was he. 'I told you I was coming this way. We are all here. Tom, Mr. and Mrs. Erle, and *little*

Mildred herself—little Mildred, no longer; she grows so tall, and is so bright-faced and graceful, that the very fruit-women call out blessings and admiration as she goes in and out of her boat. To be sure it pays, for Mildred buys, out of gratitude, for all her train.'

'Scandal, scandal,' said Richard, laughing; 'but Mildred is here?'

'Yes, and a fair bonny dame she is,' said Granville. 'I shall let her know the *Coalpit* is here. She often talks of you, and will be sure to want to look over the ship. But you want something, do you not? Shall I be your interpreter?'

'Indeed you will do me a good office,' answered Richard, 'for I don't know a word of Italian.'

'Nor this good man any French, I fear,' said Granville, who then turned to the shopkeeper and introduced Richard as a buyer, one who wanted a file, but either Granville did not know what *file* was in Italian, or his Italian was not the Genoese vernacular, for he could not make the man comprehend the tool he asked for, and after shaking his head at one or two bradawls and gimlets shown to him, Richard began to explain his wants in a very original manner by signs. Taking up a knife which lay on the

counter, he drew imaginary diagonal lines across and across its flat surface with his finger-nail, and then taking the knife in both hands he began to rub the flat side up and down on the edge of the counter. The man watched his movements, and his countenance suddenly brightening, he began to talk rapidly, and soon produced two or three files from which Richard soon suited himself. The drill-stock was a more difficult matter to explain, and after endeavouring in vain to make himself understood, Richard left the shop with Granville, without being able to obtain what he wanted. The two friends made themselves very merry with their difficulties, and Granville finding that Richard had still some time before him, took him through part of Genoa, showed him the lodging of the Erles, and took him in. No one was at home, so Granville walked on to the landing place, where the boat of the *Coalpit* lay; Richard stood with Granville waiting for his comrade Harry, and sufficiently interested and amused in watching the busy scene on and about the steps, when suddenly, as it appeared to him, one of the many pleasure boats which were moving in every direction, drew up at the steps, and he recognised in the party it contained Mildred and her parents. It was now many months

since he had seen his old playfellow and favourite, and he felt a shyness creep over him as the pretty graceful girl, now almost a woman in height and manner, looked up from her seat under the awning, full in his face, at first without any apparent recognition; but presently she jumped up and leaned forward towards him, holding out both hands, exclaiming—

'Oh! papa, it is Richard. Mamma, it is Richard. I am so glad to see you. After all I was right. The *Old Coalpit* is here, I thought I saw the name.'

Richard was not less eager than Mildred, and in pressing towards the boat in his eagerness, he unconsciously laid his hand on another which was coming up to the landing, and giving it an involuntary impetus, shoved it off a foot or two, to the great indignation of the principal occupant, a tall thin dark man, of a sallow withered complexion and haughty unpleasant presence. He started up, and entirely disregarding Richard's motion of apology, as he drew the boat back the distance he had inadvertently sent it off, he bounded from the boat to chastise the insolent sailor, just as Richard was with one foot on Mr. Erle's boat, holding forth his hand for Mildred's assistance. Richard was considerably staggered by the sudden onset of the

Italian gentleman, and being thrown off his precarious balance, fell into the boat nearly at Mildred's feet. Full of rage, he was up in an instant, and with one blow of his fist, partially from the unexpected rapidity of his attack, fairly knocked the Italian into the water. There was no little commotion at this feat, and Richard began to feel that the sooner he was in the ship the better. He assisted the man he had overthrown, out of the water almost in the same moment he had thrown him in, and seeing him safe, jumped into his own boat; then being joined by his comrade just at the right moment, he rowed off to the ship and got safely out of danger, before the injured Count, for such they discovered him to be, had sufficiently recovered his astonishment at his rough bath, to be prepared to take his revenge.

Richard was not able to get leave to go on shore very soon again, and had he been able, he would have been very cautious in venturing, as he was warned by every one who heard of his quarrel, not to run any risk of being recognised so soon by Count Popilo or any of his friends; but as they were busy landing the cargo, and he was much engaged, he did not distress himself much about the matter, especially as his time on board was enlivened by a visit from

Mildred in company with her father and brother, to look over the ship. What a visitor of light Miss Erle appeared among the rough tars; her step was hardly more followed, nor her shadow more worshipped by Richard himself, whose peculiar property she seemed there, than by the crew. She recognised Silvio, and stopped to speak to him, and Blunt, the boatswain, an old baby friend of hers, to his great delight, came in for a share of her regards. It seemed to Richard as if some of heaven's light had left the earth, when the graceful smiling girl went down the ship's side into the pretty pleasure boat waiting to receive her and her escort, and he stood gazing after her till she landed, with a sad sense of disgust of the ship and his profession together. 'Could such a creature as that ever think much of a sailor apprentice?' and a vision crossed his mind of a something now lost for ever to him, what life would be with Mildred for a future prospect.

Silvio was on board a good deal during their stay at Genoa, for though it was his native place, and there were very natural attractions on shore for him, Captain Dare, from some fear of his desertion, showed a shyness in giving him shore-leave. Richard had taken the Captain on shore once or twice, but a week or more

had passed without any convenient time being found for him to visit his friends, when one fine day it happened that work was a little more slack, and the crew were spinning out their dinner hour, enjoying the clear atmosphere and the unwonted luxury of fishing in middle day. Richard was one of the party, but his efforts were of a languid description; he was watching the shore, and fancying every party that came down to the landing-place must be his friends, and that every pleasure-boat on the point of starting must contain them. He had just fixed upon a certain light dress, hat, and pink parasol as most surely belonging to his fair charmer, when considerable excitement was caused among the fishing party by symptoms of a first bite; Silvio was the lucky man, and his eagerness and extreme excitement afforded the most intense amusement to the others. He was leaning over the bow hauling in his line, with a face working all over with delight and eagerness, exclaiming—

'Ah, de first! he come. 'Pose he—'pose he come! 'Pose he come! 'Pose he come!' each exclamation rising in a gradual crescendo of excitement, till the large fish he had caught was drawn near enough to be visible to his delighted eyes.

''POSE HE COME!'

The sailors were in a roar of laughter at his enthusiasm; but, lo; just as he was hauling in the fish, which was now half-way out of the water, with a violent struggle the victim burst from his captivity, and disappeared rapidly beneath the clear flood, just as the Italian thought himself sure of his prey. To describe the baffled Silvio's expression of countenance would be impossible. Before any one could offer any obstacle to his purpose, he had, in his disappointment, flung himself completely over the ship's side into the water with outspread arms to seize the fish, as he ended up his excited crescendo with the sudden change from ''Pose he come,' to

''Pose he NO COME! Ah—h—h—h—'

The amusement of the sailors at this sudden catastrophe was so great, that it did not occur to them that there might be anything of a more serious nature in the plunge; Richard, in an instant, saw that if the man were a swimmer he was making no effort, and quick as thought, his own jacket was off, he was over after him, and succeeded in seizing hold of him. The Italian had by this time, realised the fact that fish was too slippery a commodity to be caught in a man's arms, and being really an accomplished swimmer, found no difficulty in coming to the surface, where he was seized by Richard,

who presently discovering the mistake his generous haste had made, soon let go his hold and prepared to mount the ship's side. A rope was let down, and in a few seconds the two were on board, greeted by a volley of jokes.

'I say, Peter, 'pose he gone! A slippery customer, Peter.'

'There's a pair of them. One cheese sent to fetch the other.'

'Silvio not want any man to go after him,' returned the Italian, sulkily. ''Pose he good swimmer—Silvio swim well. Richard too quick—not wait to see.'

There was a roar of laughter, and Filton remarked—

'A case of the pot calling the kettle black. He thought you were as slippery a fish as the other. Well, Richard, I'll thank you, my lad, if you jump overboard for me.'

'I didn't do it for gratitude,' said Richard, carelessly, 'nor for love of Peter. I should do it for any human creature; but I shall know how to let an Italian drown another time.'

The Italian turned moodily off, and went below to change his things. Richard was about to do the same, when his attention was attracted by a pleasure-boat which was drawing

near the ship, and at the same moment he was hailed by a familiar voice.

'Boothby! where's the Captain?'

It was Mr. Erle who was speaking, and in the boat were the whole Erle party, Granville and all.

Richard replied he would call the Captain.

'What made you take that bath just now, eh, Boothby?' said young Erle.

'I made a mistake, that's all,' said Richard, laughing; 'I thought our Italian was drowning; but I only offended him by supposing it.'

'Well, fetch Captain Dare,' said Mr. Erle. 'I want leave for you to-day.'

'I am afraid he will hardly give it me,' replied Richard, going aft. He soon returned with the Captain, to whom Mr. Erle preferred his request for the company of his apprentice, and for leave for him to stay away for the night from the ship. The Captain demurred a good deal at first, but at length yielded to the owner, and received and accepted an invitation for himself to dinner the same day.

Richard went off, all glee, to dress in his 'long-shore togs,' as his friend Blunt designated them; and, in as short a time as could be expected, was a gentleman at large again for some hours in civilized society. Full of anima-

tion and happiness, he talked and laughed away with Mildred, who seemed very pleased to have him with her, till the boat reached the steps; where Mr. Erle, entering into his thorough enjoyment of the change, left the care of Mildred to him; and he had the exquisite satisfaction of assisting her out of the boat and leading her up the steps. They had nearly reached the top, when a party of Italians, consisting of two tall men and three ladies, came rather hastily down, and Richard not perceiving them, had some difficulty in keeping Mildred from being thrown down the steps, and in protecting her he accidentally trod on the foot of the foremost lady, obliging the whole party to move on one side. He hastily begged pardon in Italian, and having exhausted his scanty stock of that language in this short sentence, he was unable to explain matters any further, but the injured dame exasperated by what she considered a studied insult, turned to her cavalier for redress, some very angry words passing between the ascending and descending parties. It needed all the efforts of Mr. Erle and Granville to prevent a serious tumult from taking place; more especially as one of the Italian gentlemen recognised in Richard the remarkable-looking individual, by whom he considered himself insulted on a

previous occasion. Richard's part of the wordy quarrel was conducted in as fluent English as his opponent's was in Italian; and it was with the utmost difficulty that Granville could, between them, get a word for the explanation which he could give of the accident; and before the belligerents could be pacified, a crowd of fruit-women, porters, and others, had gathered at the landing steps to watch the scene and listen to the abuse. Richard was at last allowed to pass with a deep, contemptuous, passionate expression from the Italian Count, cursing his ugly face, which did not offend him as much as it might otherwise have done, as he only comprehended the look, and none of the words, much to Granville's satisfaction. There was a good deal of noise, some abuse, and much laughter from the bystanders as Richard passed, but the English party did not notice it; and they were soon in a quiet street away from the noisy assemblage, and Richard was calmed and softened by the task of reassuring his little favourite, Mildred, who had turned very white during the fierce altercation, and trembled so much when it was over that she could hardly walk. There was not much of a remarkable nature in the afternoon's entertainment. The Captain came to dinner, and there was the usual

amount of talking, congregating in the most romantic situations, looking over the purchases Mildred had made during her continental tour, and listening to the account of that tour. At last the Captain rose to take leave. The law being that all lights were to be extinguished in Genoa at nine o'clock, he left early, having ordered the boat to be sent off for him at the time. Richard accompanied him to the mole, where the boat was to lie, happy in the idea that he might have the privilege of returning to sleep on shore. The evening was as lovely as an evening at Genoa could be, the harbour like a sea of glass, reflecting the last faint streaks of light, and a moon, already rather high up in the heavens, hanging in the clear atmosphere as it never hangs in our duller climate, was obliterating, by its calm radiance, the last traces of the daylight. A few loiterers stood on the mole, looking at the sea and watching departures. As Richard and his Captain stepped down, talking cheerfully, a countrywoman passed him; and, attracted by the sound of the voices, turned and looked at Richard, and nodding with a glance of recognition, she said, laughing, 'E il Signor Brutto; buona sera,' and passed.

'Do you know that woman, Dick?' said the Captain; 'she seems to know you.'

'I think she must be the fruit-woman at the steps of whom I bought fruit the first day I came ashore; but I dare say I have many acquaintances here of whom I know nothing. We had a jolly row to-day landing, and I believe I was nearly stabbed by a fellow the fruit-woman calls Count Popilo. What fiery spirits these Italians are.'

'When fire meets fire there is sure to be a flame,' said the Captain. 'Now, here we are. Hallo, my lads—boat ahoy! Where's that rascal Silvio? I let him come off to meet me, and this is the end of it.'

The boat was lying a few feet from the mole, and contained Tom Barton and Harry. The Captain waited a few minutes for the Italian, whom he found had gone into the town, and then with a threat of coming wrath towards the Italian, he ordered the men to take him to the ship without delay. Richard stood watching the motion of the boat and the lovely scene but a few moments; he was anxious to return to the Erles, and retraced his steps, indulging a bright day-dream of future happiness, in which an unusual tide of good fortune was to be his, and in which Mildred figured very conspicuously. He was so deep in thought that he did not observe that he had taken the wrong turning, till fancy-

ing he ought to have arrived at the house at which his friends were lodging, he began to notice that he had altogether mistaken the way.

He was now in a street narrower even than those with which he had been previously acquainted. There was something grim and threatening in the aspect of the tall old houses and the glimpses of mountains, all looking alike gloomy and black, except in patches where the moon streamed through some happy opening, and gleamed white on the stone walls. It would have been difficult for him in daylight, with his slight acquaintance with the place, to have found his way back; and now it seemed at first an impossibility, but Richard was a sailor, and had learned to act for himself on an emergency, and after the first sensation of annoyance, he stood still to consider his bearing.

After reflecting a little, looking at the faint stars overhead, and deciding the direction of the moon, he made straight for the bay, knowing that his way would be comparatively smooth sailing when he was once by the water. He had turned down a cross street of no great length, which again led him into another, and he was proceeding on his way with more confidence, through a still street that bore much the same appearance as the one from which he had

emerged, when the sound of angry voices at a little distance reached his ear. He stood still to listen, and to find out how he might avoid the disturbance which was evidently going on not very far from him. The noise lasted but a couple of minutes, and there was a stifled cry, a deep groan, a sound as of retreating steps, then from a pathway in front of him, a man wrapped in a cloak ran. Richard instantly concealed himself behind an abutment of a building near him till the man had disappeared; and then, full of curiosity and some anxiety, made for the pathway from which he had issued. Down this pathway the moon streamed: it had just accomplished its ascent over some intercepting houses as Richard gained the spot, and he had no difficulty in seeing every object before him. There was a flight of steps in front, leading to a large old-fashioned palatial dwelling, where, on the lowest step, on his face, lay a man.

Richard's sense of humanity induced him at once to endeavour to ascertain whether any assistance could be rendered; and he was soon by the wounded man's side, using all his strength to raise him, and lay his head in a more easy position. He presently discovered that the man was not dead, for he groaned slightly as he was moved; and shouting for help, Richard turned him by

degrees on his back and supported his head. The blood was flowing fast from a wound in the chest, and as Richard endeavoured to staunch the blood by pressing his hand tightly on the wound, the sufferer raised himself slightly and with one deep groan expired. There were now footsteps approaching, and in another instant the idea of danger flashed on Richard's mind. Surely, too, he knew that face as it lay before him in the cold moonlight. The gate of the court-yard at the top of the steps opened, and thoroughly roused to the chance of a mistake and consequent peril, he rose, laid the head abruptly down, and fled for dear life. But he was too late; behind and before were pursuers, his flight was construed into confession of guilt, and when stopped at the corner of the pathway, the terrible stains of blood on his hands and clothes confirmed the suspicious nature of the case. He could speak no Italian, and was carried away at once into the house, at the door of which its master had been assassinated, and there searched, locked up, and carefully guarded. There was no weapon found on him, and after the first fearful agony attendant on his situation was past, Richard grew calmer. He thought quietly about it, and felt sure he should be able to get some interpreter

the next day, and that he could easily prove that he could have had nothing to do with the matter. Should he have been found there so long after committing such a deed of guilt? Would he have shouted for help? There was no instrument with which he could have committed the deed found on him. 'Oh, yes; Granville would come —it would be all right to-morrow.' Yet he did not sleep, and his situation was most miserable. He could not deny that the case did look most black against him. Richard had no consolation; he had never been in the habit of carrying troubles and anxieties to One who was able to help, and he had no confidence now.

CHAPTER XVI.

TOWARDS morning Richard sank into an uneasy slumber, from which he was roused by one of his guards, who brought him breakfast; and in another hour he was again disturbed for the purpose of carrying him before the Genoese authorities. He was not permitted to make any change in his dress, and was paraded through the streets with a guard of soldiers, surrounded by a mob which showered down execrations on him. He had not gone very far when a halt took place, the crowd made way, and the miserable Richard, to his great relief, saw Mr. Erle and Granville pressing forward, and cautiously admitted by the guard to him. They were both in a state of the greatest agitation.

'Richard Boothby, what is this? How came you here? Where have you been all night? Eh! no, it is impossible—you cannot—but what is that blood?'

He could hardly speak at first, but at length the words came forth.

'Of course it is impossible. Save me, Mr. Erle. It is a strange, fatal mistake. Come with me, Granville, and interpret. Tell them the true story. I have not been able to defend myself because I cannot speak Italian.'

He was beginning eagerly to tell his tale to his friends, but the Captain of the guard stopped the interview, and, separating the friends, marched on. When they reached their destination, Richard was allowed to have Granville near him, and an interpreter on the part of the Genoese was also present. The examination was long and complicated; and to his astonishment and horror, Richard found that the chief witness was Silvio, who, in a calm, concentrated, deliberate, but consistent manner, brought forward much evidence.

In vain Richard declared he was alone; that no one but himself and the real murderer, who ran past him, knew anything of the transaction till he was made prisoner.

Silvio persisted in his statement, which was to the effect that he saw Richard stealing along the streets quite out of his direction, in the neighbourhood of the Count's dwelling; that, knowing that the Count had gone on before, and also having heard Richard ridiculing the Count some weeks ago by name on board the

ship, he felt sure he intended some ill, and followed to prevent it, when he lost sight of him for a few minutes. He then saw him come forward from the shade of a house he mentioned, and turn up the pathway leading to the Count's house, and before he could reach him there were some cries and a groan: and when he (the Italian) had summoned help, they found Richard running away, and the Count dead at his own door.

Then came forward one or two witnesses to prove that Richard had twice quarrelled with the Count; and the fruit-woman, who was among them, identified him by his peculiar countenance, and mentioned having seen him turn up such a street, 'which must show plainly that he did not intend to return immediately to his friends, as they lived in another street.' The evidence certainly seemed overwhelming; still Granville hoped much from the fact that no weapon had been found upon him, but when he suggested this, the officer in charge produced a stiletto which, stained with blood, had been picked up at a little distance by some one near the scene of bloodshed. Granville and Mr. Erle both declared their certain conviction that Richard never possessed such an article, and had no means of obtaining it. It was simple and ordi-

nary, with no distinctive mark, and no light was thrown on the affair. Mr. Erle gravely returned the weapon to the officer, and as the evidence was now concluded, he begged for time to find witnesses on Richard's part, which was accorded, and the prisoner removed to a miserable room in an Italian prison, already condemned by the universal opinion of all Genoa; and his friends returned home full of sad forebodings as to the issue of the trial which must take place shortly. They had been greatly alarmed at Richard's non-appearance the previous night, but had quieted themselves with the idea that the Captain had taken him on board. The first thing in the morning they sent off to the ship, but could gain no tidings of him, and on the messenger's return, news were brought them that a murder had been committed the night before in the city; and, full of fears, they directly set out to ascertain who was the victim, apprehensive lest Richard should have fallen. It was while on their way that they met the procession; and now, though fully convinced of Richard's innocence, Granville could not help seeing how alarmingly consistent was the circumstantial evidence; as for Mr. Erle, his own faith was slightly shaken; he could not help fearing that in some moment of fury Richard might have

been tempted to do that from which he in his calmer moments would have revolted. However, he constantly reassured himself with, 'It is not an Englishman's mode of venting his rage; it is more like a crafty Italian. No, I don't believe it. By-the-bye, Granville, who *is* that witness? he could speak English. Haven't I seen—oh, to be sure. Isn't he—ay, he is one of my men. How comes he to be so very knowing, eh? I'll have the man here and examine him, and get him sent off in double quick time.'

'I doubt if you can do that,' said Granville; 'I dare say the authorities will not let him leave Genoa at present, but we might have Captain Dare here, and I will get hold of Silvio if I can. I have a hold on his gratitude, and shall use it. I know him well, now you say who he is; and I believe he has some grudge against Richard, which will account for much; only how are we to disprove this terrible circumstantial evidence?'

Captain Dare was soon over, much distressed at the state of things. He confirmed the suspicions about the Italian's feelings towards Richard—at least, he said that he saw the Italian had some spite against Richard, and he believed Richard teased Silvio a little sometimes, but not much. From the sailors they obtained more in-

formation, and everything confirmed the impression that the Italian had by some means been following Richard, and that he had taken advantage of the strange circumstances to further his revenge. These conjectures were all well; but how to obtain evidence for the poor prisoner they knew not, in so mysterious an event. Granville sought in vain for Silvio; the Captain in vain sent a party to search for him as a deserter; he was safely concealed somewhere, and did not choose to discover himself; and the *Coalpit*, unable to wait the issue of the trial, set sail, leaving the affair in the hands of the British Consul, Mr. Erle and Granville remaining to be ready for anything that might seem to require them. Mr. Erle sent over immediately for his own lawyer, and so, using every effort to discover the true assassin, the time passed on.

CHAPTER XVII.

OH, how worn and altered was Richard Boothby when that terrible trial was over; over, ay, and he a condemned criminal; and through (as it seemed so hard to him) an act of Christian benevolence. This long, sad time had yet been one of deep importance to him, and perhaps a lesson less severe might have been too slight, to draw him to a serious and heartfelt consideration of those important things, which he had so often and so long neglected.

He was visited by one or two priests, who were indefatigable in their endeavours to induce him to renounce his religion and to adopt Romanism; but Richard angrily refused to hear, asking what possible inducement they could offer to one who had had such bitter experience of the treachery that accompanied their creed.

'It has made your country what it is, and your people what they are—treacherous, lying, and murderous—men who can murder the innocent with a lie. Begone, and do not trouble me. Bring your own lying witness to confess his sins, and then perhaps I may listen to you.'

Access was afforded to his friends, and Mr. Erle and Granville came often to see him. Poor fellow! Granville was all—everything; his pastor, his friend, his adviser. He prayed for him and with him, read to him, consoled him, encouraged him; yet it was so difficult to realize the fact of his danger. Richard's sanguine temper and his buoyant life, broken as his spirits were by imprisonment, anxiety, and excitement of the most fearful kind, refused to credit it; and at times he made Granville kneel and pray aloud for him, that he might be able to fear sufficiently for himself, to come in earnest for the salvation he needed.

'I cannot, dear Granville, I cannot feel there is no hope. Oh, Granville, have you seen Silvio yet?'

'Yes, after the greatest difficulty and the most vigilant watchfulness, I traced him, and made him stay nearly an hour with me. I have never been able to get one minute with him before yesterday. He always disappeared at the Law Courts directly his evidence was taken, and in spite of his kind of affection for me, has avoided me in the most systematic manner.'

'And did you make him confess anything?' said Richard, eagerly, raising himself on his elbow from the low bed on which he lay, and

fixing his hollow eyes on his friend with an intensity of gaze that touched Granville to the heart.

'Nothing, my dear Richard—nothing,' he replied, sadly.

Richard sank back.

'Oh, Granville, it is so hard; I am innocent, *you* know it. It is so hard to die innocent.'

'Would it not be much more terrible to die guilty, Richard?' asked Granville gently.

'You *know* I am innocent, dear Granville,' repeated Richard.

'*I am quite certain of it,*' said Granville, solemnly; 'and so is Mr. Erle, and so is Mr. Wilcox, whose opinion has more weight than either of ours, having conducted our side of the case; but, my dear Richard, the circumstantial evidence is too strong. It cannot at present be disproved. More than all my own belief of your innocence, I am sure that Silvio knows you are not the guilty party; and from my own observation, I feel certain that he has a spite against you for some reason; still I could not make him contradict himself in any important point, and, unfortunately, I had no witness of our conversation.'

'I told you how he came to bear me such a grudge,' said Richard. 'He has been my evil

genius. Oh, that I should ever have come across him; and, Granville, for this to happen when I was doing a kind action.'

'So much the better if it were to happen, dear Richard.' He paused, and then added, in an unequal voice, 'I dare not be unfaithful to you even now, Richard. Were you not to blame? Was not your joking carried often to a pitch, which set alike at defiance common rules of courtesy, and consideration for another's most sacred feelings? Were you not unfeeling and *irreligious?* and yourself doing more dishonour to the Christian name than he, since your light was greater than his? This terrible punishment, dear fellow, is it more than the *consequence* of the unchristian disregard you showed of him? That it has come at a moment when you were doing a kind action, does not alter the fact of its being a consequence of your own *sin*, which was not visited on you at times when you might have been more evilly engaged. My dear Richard, all of us are too much among those of whom the Almighty speaks when He says, 'Because I kept silence, thou thoughtest wickedly that I was such an one as thyself; but I will reprove thee.'"

'Yes, yes, yes—you are right, you are right,' murmured Richard, turning his face down on

his hard pillow; 'God be merciful to me! What would I give now, Granville, if I could remember that I had tried to lead *one* right, rather than to drive more than one wrong!'

Granville tried to speak, but a choking in his throat prevented him, and Richard continued:—'And there is another thing too, Granville, that I forgot. I only ran to help that man from an impulse of helping one who wanted help; I did not think of doing it from any higher motive, so I have no right to expect a reward; and, as you say, if it had not been for my own faults, I should not have been condemned now! for, if that—if Silvio had not been my enemy, and had a reason for revenge, he would not have done this cruel act. God have mercy on me! I am afraid mine is not true repentance, dear Granville.'

'I think it is, dear Richard, or you would not willingly see your fault; but cry mightily to God, night and day, while time is yours, and do not distress yourself about refinements of distinction. Take this for your comfort, 'He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them who diligently seek Him.' *Try*, dear fellow, to forgive your enemies, and pray till you feel you can; and for yourself, trust on the Lord Jesus Christ. Who-

ever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered.'

They were both silent a short time. Richard spoke first:—'My poor father! When can he be here?'

'I do not exactly know,' replied Granville. 'I suppose the letter has hardly reached him.'

'How is Mildred?' asked Richard, after another pause.

'Poor little thing!—sadly upset since her interview with you. Her mother is going to take her home at once, with Tom.'

'It is best,' said Richard, slowly. 'And yet, Granville, I tell you now; I am not sorry Mildred should feel for me. I have always loved Mildred, and I think I always should. Ah! I used to dream—but that's over.'

Granville's tears prevented his speaking, he only wrung his friend's hand. The gaoler here entered and ordered Granville away; and Richard was once more in the horrors of his dark, damp, gloomy prison. The day wore on, Richard tasted nothing of the food provided for him; but his thirst seemed unquenchable, and he had drained the last drop of his pitcher of water; he shivered several times, and then flushed as rapidly with heat. He knew enough of his own symptoms to understand that they

some water when you have some and take it. You want strength now. I have something else for you,' and he whispered, 'can you use a file? Leave only a little bit of your manacles for to-morrow night, and be ready about this time. There will be a bar loose in your window, drop to the court-yard and go on boldly. A friend sends you this parcel,' and, as he put a parcel into his hand, he enjoined him to place it under his pillow; 'and this cord put under your clothes and round your waist, to let yourself down by. Good-bye; I must not talk more. I will call the man to bring you some water.'

He did as he said; when the gaoler returned with it, he mixed his patient's draught and gave the gaoler some directions in Italian. Finally, he wished Richard a solemn good night, and as he turned away, added in French, 'Arise up quickly, Peter.'

Richard had not recovered from his astonishment, when the heavy door closed after the mysterious monk, and the light flashed across his prison ceiling again and disappeared. The excitement was almost too much for him, but the draught he had just taken seemed to soothe him, and he fell into a sweet refreshing sleep which did not leave him till dawn when he awoke, feeling strong and better, with

an indistinct recollection of the wonderful event of the previous night. His first sensation was fervent gratitude for this strange gleam of hope, and he shortly began to examine the couple of files put into his hand, and then steadily and quietly proceeded to try their power on the rings which confined his ankle to the heavy chain; continuing his work steadily and successfully till nearly breakfast time, when he lay down on his bed till the gaoler should have paid his visit.

He was better to-day, yet feverish and weak, and it required all the stimulus of this new hope to give him strength enough for the work he had before him. He needed often to calm himself as the evening drew on; but at last in the darkness, by fitting the file into the deep notch already made, he managed to free himself from his fetter, which he let quietly down on his bed; and then with his heart beating so thickly that it seemed about to suffocate him, he drew near the window, and with the help of his stool, which he had previously placed under it, he got on the deep sill, and cautiously felt the bars—yes, one was loose, but it was large and heavy. He got it down, he did not know how, noiselessly and safely inside, and attached the cord to the next bar. He watched cau-

tiously for a minute or two before venturing to descend. There was light enough, by contrast with his dungeon, to direct him; and seeing and hearing nothing, he ventured at length to trust himself to the rope, and squeezing his now slight form through the aperture in the window, in another moment he touched the pavement below. Immediately in front of him, was a steep flight of steps which he mounted as quickly as he could, and found himself presently in a wider court yard, surrounded on three sides by buildings; that by which he had mounted the present stage being the only one in which the court did not run up to the buildings without the intervention of the deep well-like inner yard. Opposite to him, in frowning shade, he discerned a large doorway, but he hardly dared venture to approach so apparently conspicuous a portal, and stood afraid to move, yet afraid to stay; when from the obscurity near the doorway, a man stepped forward and silently beckoned. Richard felt he had no alternative but to obey, and crossed the court immediately. He was quite reassured as he approached the man, and caught a few whispered words in French, 'Follow me to the iron gate which leadeth into the City;' as they approached the gate, the stranger suddenly turned off into some mysterious

passage, flung a cloak over Richard, opened a small side door with a key he carried, and led him forth into the street.

This had all passed so quickly that Richard had hardly realized the intense excitement before the stranger left him free, with the soft, clear air of Genoa blowing fresh on him, the dark sky, glittering with stars, above him, and the familiar-looking houses in their grim steepness on each side. The ground seemed to rock under his feet, the streets reeled round, and he fell senseless on the pavement, completely overcome. There were, however, friends at hand, who carried him, in his passive state, with all speed to the steps, where a boat and rowers with muffled oars waited. There were three men of the party besides the rowers. They placed Richard in the boat without exchanging a word, and the next moment they were off, the rowers moving steadily and swiftly towards a small ship at the extremity of the bay. The night was just what could be wished at such a time, and they had hardly reached the ship, before the gentle breeze which had accompanied them from the prison freshened, and in less than half an hour the ship was on her way to England. Several days passed on that voyage before Richard's consciousness returned. A severe

fever, which had been coming on in the prison, had prostrated him, and for two or three nights he raved in delirium. At Marseilles a telegram was despatched to stay his father, and after passing the Bay of Biscay, poor Richard, who had been nursed most tenderly by Granville, was brought daily from his cabin and laid on cushions on the deck, weak and wasted, unable to notice much, yet grateful, gentle, and very peaceful. It was not till they approached the Thames that he asked a question about his escape, and one day he took Granville's hand, as he sat by him, told him of his dream and its sequence, and asked him how the escape had been managed. Granville could not tell him much more than he knew.

"I had taken care," he replied, "to let it be privately known, as well as I could, that any assistance to you would be liberally rewarded, but there was so much jealousy about you that I was obliged to be very cautious. All I can tell you is, that one day a priest, who spoke French well, and a little broken English, came to me as I was leaving the prison. It was the last day I visited you there, and, without any preface began,

"'Be here to-morrow night at eleven, and get

ship and boat ready. Have fifty pounds ready for me when he leaves the steps; I will send a messenger for it. *Do not forget.*'

'I communicated with Mr. Erle at once, and we determined to let no chance slip. Mr. Erle engaged this ship, at the master's own terms, at once; we had a boat at the steps, and kept watch from ten at the prison. Punctually you appeared; I never knew how; the rest you may guess. The most curious part of the business was that the old fruit-woman, who was one of the witnesses against you, was at the steps to receive your money, and she said, very compassionately, 'Poor gentleman! I pray the holy Mother to forgive me for bearing witness; I do not think he did it now. That is my husband's boat, gentlemen; good voyage to you.' And so we started, and now I am so thankful to have you here alive.'

'But Mr. Erle, my kind friend,' said Richard, stretching out his thin hand to that gentleman, as he sat down by him; 'I never have thanked, and I never can thank you for all your generosity to me.'

'Tush, tush, tush,' replied Mr. Erle; 'I could not have helped it. What, did you not give me my little Mildred twice, years ago? but we must not talk to you now.'

'Oh that I had been declared innocent before I left Genoa,' sighed Richard.

'Well, never mind, you are safe,' said Mr. Erle, 'out of their clutches; so don't fret.'

He shook his head, as soon as he was alone with Granville, however, and said, 'It's altogether an awkward business; he must not stay in England just now; Australia will be the place for him.'

At length the ship arrived in London, and Richard was cautiously moved into an hotel, where in a day or two his poor father joined him, looking hardly less ill and careworn than the son, whom he welcomed as one given back from the dead; and when he learned all Richard's history, he found there was one great boon he had received in his cup of sorrow, and that one he prized more than all others, and he truly rejoiced as much as he grieved.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RICHARD was removed by easy stages, as soon as he was able to bear it, to Furstcastle, and lodged in Mr. Erle's house. He was very anxious to be taken at once to his own home; but for some reason his request was evaded, and at last, when a day or two had passed there without any communication with the Cloister, and his inquiries for his brothers and sisters had received as little attention as his wish to be among them, his fears were aroused, and he openly asked his father if he had anything to tell him that he feared to say.

'Tell me now, father; I am able to hear anything now—even——'

He held his father's hand tightly, and his lips grew very white, as he searched with his eyes his father's face, where he saw the tears gathering fast.

'Tell me. Oh, but I need not ask. I know. It is—Henrietta. Oh, father!'

It was too true—too true. Richard looked sadly for a moment at his poor father, then

releasing his hold, he covered his face with both hands, and wept bitterly. His father did not attempt to soothe him; he quietly stroked his head as though he were still a child, and that token of affectionate sympathy was all that passed from him.

'It killed her, father, I suppose?'

'She never knew it, my dear——'

'Oh, I am thankful,' exclaimed Richard. 'How long ago was it?'

'Hardly a fortnight,' said his father.

Nothing more was said. Richard's sobs at length ceased,and exhausted by his sorrow, he fell asleep. He did not again allude to his great loss, nor did he urge his removal to his home. When well enough to be taken there, he now seemed unwilling to change his abode, though he made no resistance to his father's evident wish to have him again at the Cloister. Poor Pauline, Edith, his brothers, all seemed too much for him; and though when his father was in the way, he roused himself and tried to be cheerful, at all other times his depression was so extreme, that a gloom seemed cast on the whole house.

Richard was now a true Christian; a weak one, but a sincere believer; yet he had many things to learn, and his experience and circum-

stances had been such that he could not always take to himself the comfort that belongs to him who has not wilfully and persistently departed from God. He was very often doubtful whether he had really come to Christ—often inclined to murmur at the hardness of his fate, then grieved with himself that he who had so much more than he deserved, should dare to murmur. As strength and health came, old habits of thought and action returned, and they were hard to combat; and he did not always fight as manfully as he should have done with them; discontent, restlessness, and even self-will, too often got the upper hand, these terrible enemies of his that had ruled too long to be conquered in a day. The house, the hamlet, the town, were all distasteful,—too quiet, too unexciting. The stillness left too much time for miserable retrospect; he wanted to rush off somewhere to forget himself and his grief, instead of trying patiently to take up that cross which was laid on him; that one of restraining his natural feelings as well as his more self-willed impulses for his poor father's sake, and endeavouring to bear part of that father's burden. He was not, however, left much choice of his plan of action, and was not really sorry that necessity forced him to leave home almost

immediately. All his friends saw this necessity most strongly for him, and without understanding how congenial the arrangement was to his own unacknowledged feelings, it was settled that he should sail at once for Australia in one of Mr. Erle's ships, and remain out there as a settler.

Granville, Tom, Mildred, and Mr. Erle all accompanied him on board his new ship, and bade him adieu there, each, as well as his own loving family, having contributed his or her mite to his comfort during the voyage. Mildred's sweet blue eyes were overflowing with tears as she put her hand into Richard's, and the remembrance of her sad face haunted him as long as that of the dear father whom he dreamed of frequently as he remembered him standing on the pier, with that settled expression of gentle resignation which he had lately so constantly worn. He waved his hat to his son, and Richard noticed, as the silky hair blew about in the breeze, for the first time, how very white it had become; and again came that terrible pang across his mind which had once or twice visited him, that he should have done so much to whiten his father's hairs, and to sadden the days of which he should have been the strength and glory.

CHAPTER XIX.

OUTWARDLY, things at the Cloister had gone on very peaceably and smoothly, and years had done little else than change the children into growing men and women, save in that one great gap which was soon unnoticed by uninterested observers, as well as by those who at first had shared the mourner's sorrow.

Eight years had passed since Richard Boothby left home for Australia, and during that time he had alternately been unfortunate and successful in his speculations. His relations often heard of as well as from him; and as far as regarded good general conduct, and the respect and esteem of his fellow-men, the accounts were satisfactory; still the same old story was repeated.

'Such a restless fellow Boothby is. Always trying some new scheme. What a pity he doesn't stick patiently to one thing. He is a better man than some of us in most things; but he can't submit to beginnings.'

Poor Richard! it was true, even though he

was now a 'believer,' and did endeavour in the general course of his life to shape his way by Christian principles; still the consequences of that early headlong self-will and impatience of control followed, and was too often master. He had, besides, but an imperfect knowledge of himself, and it took many years to teach him the lessons he had for so long been determined not to learn. Added to this, he was at times very sad and very impatient at the remembrance that he must be yet in the world by some branded as a criminal: one who must be an exile from his home, who had no means of proving his innocence. At times this overwhelmed him to a terrible degree, and his struggles for resignation were often unsuccessful, and then he would rush away to some distant district and enter into a new scheme, just as he appeared to be doing well in his last, to drown in excitement what a more patient and well-ordered Christian would have waited for and obtained strength to endure. Richard was yet, in many things, humble and sincere. He was not ashamed of his religion; though he did not boast of being better than other men, still he did not till afterwards know how much he wanted; and, as is often the case, it was unexpected happiness given him, which softened his heart and taught him at last

how blind he had been. But we must now go back to the 'Old Coalpit.'

George Boothby had just passed his examination, and was with his father in the same profession. Harold, now a youth of eighteen, was in Mr. Erle's counting-house, and 'little Edith' was every one's darling and comfort, the sunshine of the household, the unselfish one who shared the cares of all who came across her path. One summer evening she was sitting with her father in a favourite seat in front of the house, when her attention was attracted by the sound of a strange footstep on the gravel walk, and at the same moment her father caught sight of a strange foreign-looking man, attired in the long coat and widely-brimmed hat of the Romish priesthood in England, and the father and daughter had hardly exchanged a remark on this invasion of their quiet, before the foreigner, with a courteous bow, accosted them in good French.

'I address Mr. Boothby, I believe.'

'I am Mr. Boothby,' replied that gentleman.

'I have something to say to you. This young lady—it is your daughter, I suppose? Sir, I have something of consequence to tell you. May I sit near you?'

'Certainly, sir. Pray be seated. My daughter may listen to your history?'

'Oh, certainly. She will interest herself much in it,' said the foreigner. 'It is of your son, the sailor, who was of Genoa about eight years ago.'

Edith laid her hand on her father's, silently; both her own and her father's trembled. Mr. Boothby could not speak, and the stranger continued:—

'I was the man that saved him from prison and death.'

'*You!*' exclaimed Mr. Boothby, fervently wringing the foreigner's hand between both his own. 'God bless and reward you, as I have prayed day and night for eight years.'

'Thank me not,' replied the man, quietly. 'I was obliged to do it. I knew he was not guilty—I could not let him suffer for the guilty one. Nay, you need not look at me,' he added, smiling; '*I* am not the man myself. It was difficult for me to act. I am a priest; and in the confessional the secret was revealed to me, miles away from Genoa. I dare not reveal the secrets of the confessional; but I could not let the innocent suffer, and I travelled, and planned, and bribed with the English money, and saved your son. What could I do? I would have

made it all clear, but my knowledge came to me in that way which is in our Church not allowed to be revealed. You forgive me, my friend?'

'I thank you,' said Mr. Boothby, again pressing his hand.

'And now,' continued the stranger, 'I can do more. The time is come, and I have travelled day and night to let you know that all Genoa has now full proofs that the sailor Boothby was not guilty.'

Mr. Boothby rose in his excitement; and, with a determined effort controlling himself, sat down almost as quickly as the man proceeded.

'I have full proof. I have made the man sign the confession of his guilt, and I have lodged this paper with the judges of your son; and I have caused that the real culprit (who is now in prison himself) should be visited from Genoa, that all may be most plain; and I doubt not that in some few days you will see the account and the confession in your English journals.'

'And how—and why. Why was not this?—' began Mr. Boothby.

'*Why?*' interrupted the priest. 'I have already answered to that. I *could* not—and I, I am ashamed to say it—know some who, knowing the secret as I, would—would have let your son die. They would have justified it to them-

selves that he was a heretic. I did not that, my friend.'

'Forgive me!' said Mr. Boothby, gently. 'Indeed you have not forgotten us. I cannot thank you enough for what you did—and still more for this. My poor boy; such a blight on your young existence!'

The priest looked curiously at him, and continued:—

'You do not ask of me who worked him all this grief. You know the man.'

'The Italian Silvio?' said Edith.

'You have reason,' said the priest; 'and Silvio was himself the murderer.'

'*Silvio, himself?*' repeated Mr. Boothby. 'I have often imagined it. And you knew that.'

'Affairs in Italy are not as they are in your country,' said the priest, coolly. 'The man had a cause for his anger against the Count—a cause of many years' standing. But all that is not our affair just now. I believe it was a sudden fit of rage at meeting his oppressor. Such are, alas! too common with us, sir. It seems that your son had mocked Silvio Martello about his religion, which it must be owned is a base and irreligious action. We need not to prove our own religion by scoffing at what another holds sacred.'

'True—most true,' answered Mr. Boothby; 'it was a sin, and his punishment was very heavy.'

'This Martello is now to be put to death for another and worse affair, and when his sentence was passed, I, his confessor, refused him all comfort or pardon, unless this reparation was made while it could be made, to your son. And now I myself am come to tell your son that no spot remains on his name; that he is free and innocent in men's opinion, and here is for him a copy of the confession of Silvio Martello.'

As he spoke, he laid in Mr. Boothby's hand a piece of folded paper, and rose.

'You must not leave us!' exclaimed Edith. 'Papa!'

'Most certainly not, my friend; we owe you our house—our hospitality, at least, indeed.'

'You owe me nothing,' said the priest. 'It is my own conscience. It is my penance for knowing the crime so long. I cannot stay with you. There are places here in England that will receive me on my way. I am not destitute.'

'But, this day—this night, at least, my sons must do honour to the deliverer of their brother. Nay, you must come in with us.'

'My vow is against it. I cannot. It is my

affair. Adieu—may you now be happy with your sailor again.'

He waved off Mr. Boothby as he spoke, and walked rapidly away. Mr. Boothby followed him at first, but finding he lost sight of him in a few minutes, and that the pursuit on his part seemed a hopeless one, he sent his man-servant to hunt for him on the road to Furstcastle, and bring him back. The man was as unsuccessful as the master, and brought no tidings of the priest after an hour's search; the family at the Cloister never saw him again; and had it not been for the after-confirmation of his strange tale, they would have been almost inclined to doubt the truth of the story.

A few days afterwards a letter arrived from the British Consul at Genoa confirming the priest's story with some additional particulars; and before long, the newspapers which had eight years previously been full of the strange and melancholy story, now gave as full publicity to the unexpected and happy termination of that story as concerned the individual most interested in it.

CHAPTER XX.

WITH the exception of the day when that important letter arrived bearing the news of his free fame and perfect exculpation from all guilt; when he, the strong, weather-beaten man, sobbed like a child over the account of the strange priest's visit and the 'strange revelation' that appeared in a London paper, sent out to him at the same time with the letter from home, Richard Boothby had not experienced the same sensations of wild joyful excitement as he did on drawing near the Old Coalpit, after his eight years' exile; and yet, in many respects, how strangely was he but the Prodigal son returning to his father's house. Though for the last eight years his aims had been of a higher kind, his attainments and knowledge were imperfect; and the consequences and influence of his previous life and habits had, as we said before, followed him throughout his career. He had been what is often called 'an unfortunate man,' when it should really be 'an unstable, restless man'—without perseverance, patience, and industry, to work, wait, and bear

the yoke till his turn comes to guide the plough. He returned home at twenty-seven years of age, penniless, to begin his career anew, his way still to make when it should have been made, habits of steady industry to form when they should have been formed; and this was 'the fruit of his own ways.' Some of these sad reflections had occasionally forced themselves on Richard's mind during his long voyage, when free from the gnawing care of his great sorrow, he had time to wish he were settled in some fair home, and a course of well-tried honest industry before him, with a wife—Mildred—to cheer his home, and help him on in the ways of holiness in which it was his desire to walk, though, since he had known the way, he had so often stumbled, and risen so slowly. But now all anxious cares were laid aside, he was near his birthplace, near his father, near Mildred—near some great happiness. He would trust, now, that all his sorrows were over, and something would be ordered for him; he saw not how, but yet—. There! yes, it was the old carriage—and there was—no, not his father—there were two young men in it. The carriage drew nearer, and he strained his eyes, and bade the driver of the gig he had hired for the last stage stop, as he became sure that the youth on the further side was his

brother George. He shouted to him, and the phaeton was likewise drawn up, and both young men jumped out.

'Richard! nay, are you Richard?' 'Is this Dick?' exclaimed both by turns. 'Are we too late to meet you? How are you, old fellow? we were coming to meet you. Here, get down, and get in here, and let your luggage go on to the house. There is such a turn out in honour of you. Granville and Tom Erle are both at our house. Come on; father will be quite taken by surprise.' Then turning to the man who drove the gig, as Richard dismounted, he added, 'Please to keep behind us, that we may get in first.'

Richard, all excitement, had been shaking hands, and looking at his brothers in wonderment, and now, seated in the old phaeton, began to express some of his astonishment as he gazed at the gentlemanly young man by him.

'You don't mean to say that that's Harold—little Harold—and that *you* are George? What fine fellows you are both grown, or else look so, after the rough lot I have been thrown among.'

'You had better not be so complimentary,' said his brother, laughing, and blushing a little, 'or we shall become inordinately vain. You know we are *men* now, not boys—at least, I may

be called one, having passed examinations enough to put surgeon after my name, and to assist my father in lightening the sorrows of our dark neighbourhood. As for Harold, you know, I believe that he is with Erle and Macintosh, and is to be the great man of the family, unless you outdo him. I suppose you have come home with a fortune, either to settle down with a wife, and *live very happily all the rest of your days*, or to set up in something and cut us all out, eh?'

Richard shook his head and laughed.

'Alas, no! gold diggings were a losing speculation to me, but here is the dear old place. Why, old fellow, they have been making a triumph.'

Yes, so it was. In honour of their good friend's joy, and of the freedom of the youth born among them, the villagers had made a fête-day of his return to them, and as he appeared on the brow of the hill overlooking the hamlet, the three church bells began to ring, and a party of rustics, rather taken by surprise by the unlooked-for prematurity of the arrival, rushed forward, hurrahing, in their clean smockfrocks, and hats decorated with flowers and ribbons; while in every direction Richard's eye was met by simple triumphal arches, and fluttering flags, bearing inscriptions in honour of himself and his father,

such as, 'God bless our Doctor;' 'Welcome home;' 'God bless you,' &c. The whole village appeared to have turned out for the occasion, and the party already mentioned stopped the carriage, and, lifting Richard on to a chair adorned with evergreens and flowers, bore him triumphantly on their shoulders through the hamlet to the Cloister, where, at the gate, his father, with Edith, and two gentlemen in the background, stood to receive him, and close at hand his affectionate Pauline with other servants who remembered him.

We must pass over the father's meeting with his long-lost son, and much of the rejoicing and festivity of that eventful day. There was no one in that little assembly in the Cloister who did not feel solemn in the midst of the great happiness; and they were all in a measure glad when the demonstrations of sympathetic joy, gratifying as they were, were over, and they were left in quiet to understand its weight. For some days the coming home was all excitement, friends calling and congratulations pouring in on every side, and there seemed no drawback to the pleasure and happiness of this time, for which they were all so thankful. Richard had more invitations than he could accept; but two or three days after his return one came that was warmly

accepted, though Richard did not say much of the way in which he looked forward to this engagement, and his brothers hardly guessed how he counted the hours till the meeting with his old favourite, Mildred, and her parents, to whom he owed so much. He had already seen Mr. Erle, but had been from home when Mildred and her mother called. It was in the evening of the day that Mrs. Erle had left the pressing invitation that Richard remarked at their little supper, very quietly,

'Is Mildred as pretty as she was? I wonder she is still Miss Erle.'

'Yes, I think she is quite as pretty,' said George; 'not that I ever admired her as you did; but Harold does, and so I think does Granville.'

'Granville!' said Richard, and a bright red flush passed over his face; 'I did not think she was a favourite of his.'

'Well! rumour says she is a very great favourite, but that Mildred listens to no one,' said his brother, carelessly, helping himself to some salt. 'It says Granville is a disappointed man.'

'Indeed!' said Richard, gravely, and a strange hope, for a moment, rose in his mind; 'and yet——' an expression of momentary pain

crossed his face; he brushed aside his hair, and determined not to think.

'Mr. Erle is very fond of Granville. He has given him the chaplaincy of the Merchants' Hall, and is, I believe, going to give him the *Old Coalpit*, which, you know, is vacant now.'

'*Indeed!*' said Richard, again.

'Some men are very fortunate,' said Harold.

'Yes,' said Mr. Boothby, quietly, 'and many who are called unfortunate, might be more properly called *imprudent* and foolish. I believe an opportunity comes once for every man in this life's business, as a friend of mine used to say—and happy and wise the man who does not lose his opportunity.'

'But,' said Richard, 'I think, father, there are some men who never have any moderately good fortune. We can't account for it. Some men, too, who fear God, yet they never prosper in the world.'

'True,' answered Mr. Boothby. 'Ill-health, want of means, and some providential dispensations, occasionally hinder this success in a manner for which we cannot account. We may suppose sometimes, in the case of a child of God, that for the perfection of some characters, a certain discipline is necessary; and in such case may feel that, 'Whom the Lord loveth

He chasteneth;' but, Dick, I should, before I judged any case, or felt it an exception to my general theory, wish to know *all* the history of the individual. Even where religion comes in after what we call youthful follies, and binds up wounds, and heals old sores, and pours balm and strength on the weak and wounded, it does not promise in giving strength for the future, to repair all the mischief done to his home and possessions in the man's previous delirium; and a man often suffers through his life, *as far as this life is concerned*, from the consequences of a sinful act, or course of action, which he has quite forgotten.'

'Father, be merciful,' said Richard, gently.

'My boy, I was speaking generally,' replied his father, holding out his hand as he spoke. Richard grasped it, and they looked into each other's eyes with silent emotion for a second or two, when Edith and Harold changed the conversation.

And yet, if Richard had but known all, as he knew *part*, of the consequence of his own early self-will!—It was a mercy, part was hidden of the indirect carrying out of such consequence. He did not see, nor ever knew, how near he once was to the fulfilment of his dearest day-dream; nor how that cup of joy was removed

from his lips, in his unconsciousness, not by any glaring fault, but by the slow, sure working out of a result which he neither noticed nor calculated. He, in his most imaginative mood, never saw Mildred, as she sat in her room, that very night, when they were talking of her in the parlour of the Cloister; with a little colour on her cheek, and a half smile on her face, thinking very quietly. He did not hear the words uttered, half aloud, that dropped from her, when alone—'I wonder if he is much changed, poor Richard!' Nor could he ever have believed that for him, Mildred had refused to listen to Granville; that she could wait and care for him: and if not caring quite as he cared for her, still she could believe him worthy of her, and rejoice for her own sake, that Richard might again be admitted as a friend.

At the hour appointed, Richard, in company with his father, sister, and brothers, arrived at the well-known country house of their constant friend, Mr. Erle. They found all the family, except Mildred, in the drawing-room. Mrs. Erle was very kind and affectionate to Richard, and most warmly congratulated him on his return home; but Richard was so full of Mildred that he did not notice how often her eye

rested on him with a curious, unapproving glance, and turned as quickly to one of his brothers. He was almost unconscious of the great difference between himself and them, for the very causes which had operated in making him less refined in manner and appearance, had also in some measure blunted his perception of this gradual alteration in himself. The long association with men of inferior education and station, had set its stamp upon him when he was young enough to be moulded, and he was now too formed to be altered again to any great extent. He did not see himself by contrast the common man in appearance, manner, and even, to some extent, in dialect, and could hardly have understood how it was natural that even with respect for his real Christian worth and old affection for him on his own, as well as on his father's account, his friends *could* not quite help feeling that he was, that he had placed himself, a step lower in the social scale than they were themselves, and their pleasure in his society was lessened.

Mildred at last entered, gentle, graceful, and ladylike as ever—more attractive than ever, Richard thought, as he rose, all excitement and delight. The colour was in her face as she advanced to Mr. Boothby, and took his hand,

looking round as she spoke, but overlooking Richard,—

"How are you, sir? and where is Richard? Is he not coming?'

'Richard is here, my dear,' said Mr. Boothby. 'You have grown out of knowledge, indeed, Dick,' he added. 'Here's your old playfellow forgetting you.'

Richard advanced, his honest though scarred and plain face glowing with pleasure at the meeting. Mildred turned quite gravely round, and for a moment looked startled at the common-looking man before her. Was this the man that her romantic attachment had invested with all the attributes of a refined gentleman? She recovered her surprise almost immediately, and received him with quiet, unaffected grace, a little tinged with gravity; but that interview, even had Richard been a more prosperous man, settled his fate. They were good friends, but never more to each other than Mr. Richard Boothby and Miss Erle. Richard had nothing to offer her, and never knew that at one time, under other circumstances, she *might* have learned to care for him.

CHAPTER XXI.

ANOTHER year passed. Richard was still patiently working on, finishing the course of study he had so ruthlessly broken in upon ten years before. The work was harder now to him, for he had settled habits, and the ten years in which he might have established himself in a respectable career had been wasted time. His next brother was intended for a physician, he had talents for a very much larger field than the Old Coalpit, and Richard was to take his place with his father as soon as he had passed the necessary probation. He had now learned to know his aspirations for his own only love were hopeless, and deeply distressed at this last trial, he felt that his only desire was to atone to his father for past anxiety on his account, by becoming his prop and stay in his declining days. And for this he strove, he prayed, he worked—and conquered his restlessness so successfully in the strength he sought, that he steadily passed through his medical education, and in as short a time as it could be done, released his brother for

his further progress, and joined his father and Edith at the Cloister.

But before this took place, the living of the Old Coalpit had been presented to Granville, and Mr. Erle began to build a new Rectory in place of the old one, which had long been too small for modern requirements. The site of the new rectory was rather above that of the old one, on the elevated land bordering on the hamlet, in the driest and most healthy spot that could be selected; and such were the preparations for gardens, stables, and conveniences of every description in the laying out of the new house, that people looked very wise, and talked of reasons that Mr. Erle must have for 'favouring' the new Rector. And for once the gossips were right—Miss Erle was to marry Mr. Granville, and at last the new house was ready—and the day fixed.

The family at the Cloister were all invited; but Richard absented himself on the plea of some examination pending in London, to which place he repaired a few days before the marriage took place. From some unaccountable impulse he returned home on the evening of the wedding-day, when his own family were away at the Erles' town house, and after a solitary ramble through the wood, came round by Farmer Jones's, and

looked in at the tower where, years ago, he rescued Mildred. He mounted the old staircase and stepped into the room; the chest had been removed, and the room had a still more ruinous air. It was autumn again, and the same dusky twilight was in the chamber, carrying him back so forcibly to the old days, that he could have fancied himself once more a boy searching for his little acquaintance, had it not been for that heavy weight at his heart. He stood a short time in the room till the decreasing light warned him to retrace his steps while he could see his way, and he turned to the staircase with a sigh, as he murmured to himself, 'Yes—I used to fancy things would be very different, once!—But they returned all I was to them a hundred-fold, and I could not expect her to waste her bright life for me.' He was hurrying out of the court-yard, when a hand on his arm stayed him with a hearty

'What, Mr. Richard come back? What a pity you couldn't a-been in time. Now do come in, sir, and drink the bride's health—a pretty creature! Mr. Granville's a lucky bridegroom, I say, and so says my wife, and she's more knowing than I in those things. Now, you must come in, sir.'

'Thank you, not to-night, Mr. Jones. I will look in to-morrow. I must run off now.'

'To be sure, now, that was thoughtless of me,' said the farmer; 'you wont have too much time to get to Furstcastle for the doings to-night. I oughtn't to try to keep you. Then, good-night to you, Mr. Richard. Well, you know, somehow when you were a lad, and such friends with Miss Mildred, I had a fancy that things would turn out different—good night, sir.'

As may be presumed, Richard did not go on to the town. He managed to elude the keen eyes of Pauline when he returned home, and got safely to his room, which he did not quit till late the next morning, when pale and worn, but gentle and composed, he joined the party downstairs at breakfast. There had been a resolution made that wedding-night, and this time not in his own strength; and it was never known that in any respect he failed to keep it.

Henceforth Richard Boothby was the comfort of his father and sister, and unostentatiously the humble benefactor in the district through which his labours now extended—and while one brother gradually at first, and afterwards more rapidly, won his way in his honourable profession, to distinction and ultimate wealth; and the other, by steadily pursuing the path pointed

out for him, bade fair to be as successful in time, Richard remained in the seclusion of his native village, thankful, as he might be, that so honourable a way was opened to himself after so wasted a youth, and now only anxious to atone in every way for past shortcomings. It must not, however, be supposed, that his naturally restless spirit, with all its indulged habits, submitted to this unexciting life without effort; but as time went on, the effort became less, and so quietly and humbly happy Richard appeared, that Farmer Jones occasionally remarked in conversation, when it turned on the family at the Cloister,

'And there's Mr. Richard. Law, what a quiet blessing that man is about here, with his cheery laugh, and good doctoring, and his kind heart. I don't know what the people would do without him. He's like his father over again, only more still sometimes. Why, now, you'd never have thought that he'd been such a racketing young fellow once. I couldn't have believed it, had any one told me once. I believe he's very religious now; only he doesn't talk much about it.'

'No,' said Mrs. Jones; 'he says he thinks the less a man *says*, and the more he *does*, the better; and I think if ever a man tried to do the will of God, *he* does.'

'Sure enough,' said her husband; 'and, though he doesn't say much, he can speak when he ought to speak. Look what he said to Tom, when he was in that public-house, that night. Tom's never forgotten it.'

Richard did not visit very often at the Rectory for a long time after Granville's marriage; but, by and bye, he grew more intimate with his old friends again, was godfather to a namesake of his own, and in time as great a favourite with the little ones that ran about the Rectory garden, as he was generally with the good people belonging to the Old Coalpit.

THE END.

LONDON:
SAVILL AND EDWARDS, PRINTERS, CHANDOS STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

STANDARD BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND.

On Liberty. By JOHN STUART MILL. 7s. 6d.

History of Civilization in England. By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. Vol. I. 21s.

History of Normandy and of England. By Sir F. PALGRAVE. Vols. I. and II. 21s. each.

History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By J. A. FROUDE. Vols. I. and II. 26s. Vols. III. and IV. 28s.

History of England during the Reign of George the Third. By W. MASSEY, M.P. Vols. I. and II. 12s. each.

The Kingdom and People of Siam. By Sir JOHN BOWRING, F.R.S. Two Vols. With Map and Illustrations. 32s.

The Spanish Conquest in America, and its Relation to the History of Slavery and to the Government of Colonies. By ARTHUR HELPS. Vols. I. and II. 28s. Vol. III. 16s.

Studies and Illustrations of the 'Great Rebellion.' By J. LANGTON SANFORD, Barrister-at-Law. 16s.

Biographical History of Philosophy. By G. H. LEWES. Octavo. Revised and Enlarged. 16s.

State Papers and Correspondence, illustrative of the Political and Social State of Europe, from the Revolution to the Accession of the House of Hanover. With Introduction, Memoirs, and Notes, by J. M. KEMBLE, M.A. 16s.

Principles of Political Economy. By J. STUART MILL. Two Volumes. Octavo. 30s.

System of Logic. By the same. Two Volumes. 25s.

Bacon's Essays. With Annotations by the ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN. Octavo. 10s. 6d.

Friends in Council. *Second Series.* The Second Edition, Two Volumes. Post Octavo. 14s.

Friends in Council. *First Series.* New Edition, Two Volumes. 9s.

Miscellanies. By the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY. Two Vols. Post Octavo, 18s.

George Canning and his Times. By A. GRANVILLE STAPLETON. Octavo. 16s.

The Recreations of a Country Parson; Essays Parochial, Architectural, Æsthetical, Moral, Social, and Domestic. Being a Selection from the Contributions of A.K.H.B. to *Fraser's Magazine.* 9s.

Paley's Evidences of Christianity. With Annotations. By R. WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. Octavo. 9s.

Paley's Moral Philosophy, with Annotations by the ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN. 7s.

Dissertations and Discussions, Political, Philosophical, and Historical. By JOHN STUART MILL. Two Volumes. Octavo. 24s.

On the Classification and Geographical Distribution of Mammalia; On the Gorilla, On the Extinction and Transmutation of Species. By RICHARD OWEN, F.R.S. Octavo. 5s.

Müller's History of the Literature of Greece. Translated by Sir G. C. LEWIS and Dr. DONALDSON, and completed on the Author's plan by Dr. DONALDSON. Three Vols. 8vo. 36s.

Man and his Dwelling-Place. An Essay towards the Interpretation of Nature. 9s.

Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science. 8vo. 1858, 16s.; 1857, 15s.

History of the Whig Ministry of 1830, to the passing of the Reform Bill. By J. A. ROEBUCK, M.P. Two Volumes. 28s.

History of Trial by Jury. By W. FORSYTH, Q.C. Octavo. 8s. 6d.

Institutes of Justinian; with Introduction, Translation, and Notes. By T. C. SANDARS, M.A. 15s.

Varronianus; a Critical and Historical Introduction to the Study of the Latin Language. By J. W. DONALDSON, D.D. 14s.

The New Cratylus; Contributions towards a more accurate Knowledge of the Greek Language. By Dr. DONALDSON. 18s.

Principles and Maxims of Jurisprudence. By J. G. PHILLIMORE, Q.C. 12s.

Suggestions for the Repression of Crime. By M. D. HILL, Q.C. 16s.

Introductory Lectures on Political Economy. By R. WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. 8s.

The Senses and the Intellect. By ALEX. BAIN, M.A. Octavo. 15s.

Twelve Years of a Soldier's Life in India. Extracts from the Letters of Major W. S. R. HODSON. Edited by his brother, G. H. HODSON, M.A. With Portrait. 10s. 6d.

Of the Plurality of Worlds; an Essay. 6s.

The Mediterranean: a Memoir, Physical, Historical, and Nautical. By Admiral SMYTH. 15s.

Cloister Life of Charles the Fifth. By W. STIRLING, M.P. 8s.

Velazquez and his Works. By W. STIRLING, M.P. 5s.

Modern Painting at Naples. By LORD NAPIER. 4s. 6d.

Extracts from the Works of Jean Paul Richter. Translated by LADY CHATTERTON. 3s. 6d.

Goethe's Opinions on Mankind, Literature, Science, and Art. 3s. 6d.

Essays and Remains of Rev. Robert Alfred Vaughan. With a Memoir, by R. VAUGHAN, D.D. Two Volumes. With Portrait. 14s.

Companions of my Solitude. 3s. 6d.

Essays written in the Intervals of Business. 2s. 6d.

Elements of Logic. By R. WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. 4s. 6d. Octavo, 10s. 6d.

Elements of Rhetoric. By the same Author. 4s. 6d. Octavo, 10s. 6d.

Cecil and Mary; or, Phases of Life and Love. A Missionary Poem. By J. E. JACKSON. 4s.

Andromeda and other Poems. By the Rev. C. KINGSLEY. 5s.

Oulita, the Serf. A Tragedy. By the Author of 'Friends in Council.' 6s.

'Spiritual Songs' for the Sundays and Holidays throughout the year. By JOHN S. B. MONSELL, LL.D. 4s. 6d.

The Angel in the House. By COVENTRY PATMORE. One Volume. 7s. 6d.

The Saint's Tragedy. By the Rev. C. KINGSLEY.

Justin Martyr, and other Poems. By R. CHENEVIX TRENCH. 6s.

By the same Author.

Poems from Eastern Sources: Genoveva and other Poems. 5s. 6d.

Elegiac Poems. By the same. 2s. 6d.

Days and Hours. By FREDERICK TENNYSON. 6s.

Songs for the Suffering. By T. DAVIS, M.A., Author of 'Devotional Verse for a Month.'

The Poems of Goethe. Translated by EDGAR A. BOWRING. 7s. 6d.

Schiller's Poems, Complete. Translated by E. A. BOWRING. 6s.

Calderon's Life's a Dream: the Great Theatre of the World. With Essay. By R. CHENEVIX TRENCH. 4s. 6d.

Aladdin. A Dramatic Poem. By OEHLENSCHLAEGER. Translated by THEODORE MARTIN. 5s.

Sword and Gown. By the Author of 'Guy Livingstone.' 7s. 6d.

Misrepresentation: a Novel. By ANNA H. DRURY, Author of 'Friends and Fortune.' Two Vols. 18s.

The Nut-Brown Maids: or, the First Hosier and his Hosen. A Family Chronicle of the Days of Queen Elizabeth. 10s. 6d.

Meg of Elibank, and other Tales. By the same Author.

Mademoiselle Mori. A Tale of Modern Rome. Two Volumes.

Aggesden Vicarage; or, Bridget Storey's First Charge. A Tale for the Young. Two Volumes. 9s.

The Christmas Tree, and other Tales. Adapted from the German. By FRANCES KEMBLE. With Frontispiece, gilt edges. 4s. 6d.

The Heir of Redclyffe. 6s.

By the same Author.

Heartsease. 6s.

Dynevor Terrace. 6s.

Daisy Chain. Two Volumes. 10s. 6d.

Little Duke. 1s. 6d.

Lances of Lynwood. 3s.

Dorothy. A Tale. 4s. 6d.

By the same Author.

Maiden Sisters. 5s.

De Cressy. 4s. 6d.

Still Waters. Two Vols. 9s.

Uncle Ralph. 4s. 6d.

The Interpreter: a Tale of the War. By G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE. 10s. 6d.

By the same Author.

Digby Grand. 5s.

Kate Coventry. 5s.

General Bounce. Two Vols. 15s.

Hanworth. Originally published in *Fraser's Magazine*. 7s. 6d.

The Two Mottoes. By the Author of 'Somerleigh Manor.' 5s.

For and Against; or, Queen Margaret's Badge. By FRANCES M. WILBRAHAM. Two Vols. 10s. 6d.

Likes and Dislikes; or, Passages in the Life of Emily Marsden. 6s.

Hassan. An Egyptian Tale. By the Hon. C. A. MURRAY, C.B., Author of 'The Prairie Bird.' Two Vols. 21s.

What you Will. An Irregular Romance. 5s.

Guy Livingstone; or, Thorough. 9s.

Dauntless. By the Author of 'Revelations of a Commonplace Man.' Two Vols. 8s.

Compensation. A Story of Real Life Thirty Years Ago. Two Volumes. 9s.

The Upper Ten Thousand: Sketches of American Society. By A NEW YORKER. 5s.

Gwen; or, The Cousins. By A. M. GOODRICH. Two Vols. 9s.

The Myrtle and the Heather. Two Vols. By the same Author. 9s.

Yeast: a Problem. By the Rev. C. KINGSLEY. With New Preface. 5s.

Hypatia. By the same Author. 6s.

Chance and Choice; or, the Education of Circumstances. 7s. 6d.

Becker's Gallus; or, Roman Scenes of the Time of Augustus, with Notes and Excursus. 12s.

Becker's Charicles; or, Illustrations of the Private Life of the Ancient Greeks. 10s. 6d.

The Wedding Guests. By MARY C. HUME. Two Volumes. 16s.

Light and Shade. By ANNA H. DRURY. 6s.

By the same Author.

Friends and Fortune. 6s.

The Inn by the Sea-side. 2s.

Brampton Rectory. 8s. 6d.

By the same Author.

Youth and Womanhood of Helen Tyrrel. 6s.

Compton Merivale. 8s. 6d.

The Cardinal Virtues. By HARRIETTE CAMPBELL. Two Volumes. 7s.

The Merchant and the Friar. By Sir F. PALGRAVE. 3s.

New Friends: a Tale for Children. By the Author of 'Julian and his Playfellows.' 2s. 6d.

The Crusaders. By T. KEIGHTLEY. 7s.

The Lord and the Vassal; a Familiar Exposition of the Feudal System. 2s.

Young Officer's Companion. By LORD DE ROS. 6s.

Labaume's History of Napoleon's Invasion of Russia. 2s. 6d.

Historical Sketch of the British Army. By G. R. GLEIG, M.A. 3s. 6d.

Family History of England. By the same. Three Vols. 10s. 6d.

Musical History, Biography, and Criticism. By GEORGE HOGARTH. Two Volumes. 10s. 6d.

God's Acre: or, Historical Notices relating to Churchyards. By Mrs. STONE, Author of the 'History of the Art of Needlework.' 10s. 6d.

Shipwrecks of the Royal Navy. By W. O. S. GILLY. With Preface by Dr. GILLY. 5s.

Danger of Superficial Knowledge. By Prof. J. D. FORBES. 2s.

Meliora; or, Better Times to Come. Edited by Viscount INGESTRE, M.P. Two Series. 5s. each.

Introductory Lectures Delivered at Queen's College, London. 5s.

Woman's Mission. Fourteenth Edition, gilt edges. 2s. 6d.

Woman's Rights and Duties. Two Vols. 14s.

Intellectual Education, and its Influence on the Character and Happiness of Woman. By EMILY SHIRREFF, one of the Authors of 'Thoughts on Self-Culture.' 10s. 6d.

Why should we Learn? Short Lectures addressed to Schools. By EMILY SHIRREFF. 2s.

Translated by G. V. COX, M.A.

Ullmann's Gregory of Nazianzum. 6s.

Neander's Julian the Apostate and his Generation. 3s. 6d.

Dahlmann's Life of Herodotus. 5s.

By W. COOKE TAYLOR, LL.D.

Student's Manual of Ancient History. 6s.

Student's Manual of Modern History. 6s.

History of Mohammedanism. 4s.

History of Christianity. 6s. 6d.

Hellas: the Home, History, Literature, and Arts of the Ancient Greeks. By F. JACOBS. Translated by J. OXENFORD. 4s. 6d.

By DAWSON W. TURNER, M.A.

Analysis of Grecian History. 2s.

Analysis of Roman History. 2s.

Analysis of English and of French History. 2s.

Peloponnesus—Notes of Study and Travel. By W. G. CLARK, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. With Maps. 10s. 6d.

Gazpacho; or, Summer Months in Spain. By W. G. CLARK, M.A. Cheaper Edition. 5s.

A Long Vacation in Continental Picture Galleries. By T. W. JEX BLAKE, M.A., one of the Masters of Rugby School. 3s. 6d.

Letters from the Slave States. By JAMES STIRLING. 9s.

Letters from the United States, Cuba, and Canada. By the Hon. AMELIA M. MURRAY. Two Volumes. 16s.

The Earliest Inhabitants of Italy. From Mommsen's 'Roman History.' Translated by G. ROBERTSON. With Preface by Dr. SCHMITZ. 2s.

Notes on Indian Affairs. By the Hon. J. F. SHORE. Two Vols. Octavo. 28s.

A Year with the Turks. By WARRINGTON W. SMYTH, M.A. 8s.

Auvergne, Piedmont, and Savoy; a Summer Ramble. By C. R. WELD. 8s. 6d.

Claudius Ptolemy and the Nile. By W. D. COOLEY. With a Map. 4s.

The Holy City. By G. WILLIAMS, B.D. With Illustrations and Additions, and a Plan of Jerusalem. Two Volumes. £2 5s.

History of the Holy Sepulchre. By Professor WILLIS. With Illustrations. 9s.

Plan of Jerusalem, from the Ordnance Survey. With a Memoir. 9s.

Three Weeks in Palestine and Lebanon. 2s.

View of the Art of Colonization. By E. GIBBON WAKEFIELD. Octavo. 12s.

Familiar History of Birds. By Bishop Stanley. 3s. 6d.

Domesticated Animals. By MARY ROBERTS. 2s. 6d.

Wild Animals. By the same. 2s. 6d.

Ancient and Modern Fish Tattle. By the Rev. C. D. BADHAM, M.D. 12s.

Leaves from the Note-Book of a Naturalist. By W. J. BRODERIP, F.R.S. 10s. 6d.

Chemistry of the Four Ancient Elements. By T. GRIFFITHS. 4s. 6d.

Recreations in Chemistry. By the same. 5s.

Recreations in Astronomy. By Rev. L. TOMLINSON, M.A. 4s. 6d.

Recreations in Physical Geography. By Miss R. M. ZORNLIN. 6s.

World of Waters; or, Recreations in Hydrology. By the same Author. 4s. 6d.

Recreations in Geology. By the same. 4s. 6d.

Guyot's Earth and Man. 2s.

Minerals and Metals; their Natural History and Uses in the Arts; with Accounts of Mines and Mining. 2s. 6d.

Popular Physiology. By P. B. LORD, M.B. 5s.

Amusements in Chess. By C. TOMLINSON. 4s. 6d.

Cycle of Celestial Objects. By Admiral W. H. SMYTH. Two Vols. With Illustrations. £2 2s.

Lectures on Astronomy. By Canon MOSELEY, F.R.S. 3s. 6d.

The Comet of 1556: its Anticipated Reappearance, and the Apprehension of Danger from Comets. By J. R. HIND. 2s. 6d.

By the same Author.

The Comets. 5s. 6d.

Astronomical Vocabulary. 1s. 6d.

Atlas of Physical and Historical Geography. Engraved by J. W. LOWRY. 5s.

Manual of Geographical Science. PART THE SECOND, Descriptive Geography, containing—

ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY. By the Rev. W. L. BEVAN, M.A., Vicar of Hay, Brecon.

MARITIME DISCOVERY and MODERN GEOGRAPHY. By the Rev. C. G. NICOLAY, F.R.G.S.

With Copious Index. Octavo, 15s.

PART THE FIRST. 10s. 6d. Containing—

MATHEMATICAL GEOGRAPHY. By the Rev. M. O'BRIEN.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY. By T. D. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S.

CHARTOGRAPHY. By J. R. JACKSON, F.R.S.

GEOGRAPHICAL TERMINOLOGY. By Rev. C. G. NICOLAY.

Manual of Human Microscopic Anatomy. By ALBERT KÖLLIKER. With Numerous Illustrations. 8vo.

Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Physic. By Dr. WATSON. Two Volumes. 34s.

Elements of Chemistry. By Dr. MILLER, F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry, King's College. Three Parts. £2 6s. 6d.

First Lines in Chemistry. By A. J. BERNAYS. With 179 Illustrations. 7s.

Practical Chemistry for Farmers and Landowners. By J. TRIMMER, F.G.S. 5s.

Dictionary of Materia Medica and Pharmacy. By W. T. BRANDE, F.R.S. 15s.

Structure and Functions of the Human Spleen. By H. GRAY, F.R.S. With 64 Illustrations. 15s.

On the Diseases of the Kidney. By Dr. G. JOHNSON. 14s.

On Epidemic Diarrhœa and Cholera. By the same. 7s. 6d.

Physiological Anatomy and Physiology of Man. By Dr. TODD, F.R.S., and W. BOWMAN, F.R.S. Two Volumes. £2.

On Medical Evidence and Testimony in Cases of Lunacy. By Dr. MAYO, F.R.S. 3s. 6d.

The Philosophy of Living. By HERBERT MAYO, M.D. 5s.

Management of the Organs of Digestion. By the same. 6s. 6d.

Lunacy and Lunatic Life. 3s. 6d.

German Mineral Waters, and their Employment for the Cure of certain Chronic Diseases. By Dr. SUTRO. 7s. 6d.

Spasm, Languor, and Palsy. By Dr. WILSON. 7s.

Gout, Chronic Rheumatism, and Inflammation of the Joints. By Dr. TODD, F.R.S. 7s. 6d.

Lectures on Dental Physiology and Surgery. By J. TOMES, F.R.S. Octavo. With 100 Illustrations. 12s.

Use and Management of Artificial Teeth. By the same Author. 3s. 6d.

Practical Geodesy. By BUTLER WILLIAMS, C.E. 8s. 6d.

Manual for Teaching Model-Drawing. By the same. 15s.

Instructions in Drawing. Abridged from the above. 3s.

Elements of Meteorology. By Professor DANIELL. With Plates. Two Volumes. Octavo. 32s.

On Thunder Storms, and on the Means of Protecting Buildings and Shipping against the Effects of Lightning. By Sir W. SNOW HARRIS, F.R.S. 10s. 6d.

Connexion of Natural and Divine Truth. By Professor BADEN POWELL, F.R.S. 9s.

Undulatory Theory as applied to the Dispersion of Light. By the same. 9s.

Elements of Fortification. By Captain LENDY. With 236 Woodcuts. 7s. 6d.

Principles of Mechanism. By Professor WILLIS, M.A., F.R.S.

The British Palæozoic Rocks and Fossils. By the Rev. Professor SEDGWICK and Professor M'COY. Quarto, with a Volume of Plates. 42s.

Maric Thérèse de Lamourous: Foundress of the House of La Miséricorde, at Bourdeaux. A Biography, abridged from the French. By the Author of 'The Heir of Redclyffe.' 1s. 6d.

Evelyn's Life of Mrs. Godolphin. By the Bishop of Oxford. 6s.

Remains of Bishop Copleston. With Reminiscences of his Life. By the ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN. With Portrait. 10s. 6d.

Memoir of Bishop Copleston. By W. J. COPLESTON, M.A. 10s. 6d.

Life of Archbishop Sancroft. By Dr. D'OYLY. Octavo. 9s.

Memoirs of Bishop Butler. By T. BARTLETT, M.A. 12s.

Lives of Eminent Christians. By Archdeacon HONE. Four Volumes. 18s.

Bishop Jeremy Taylor. A Biography. By Rev. R. A. WILLMOTT. 5s.

Lives of English Sacred Poets. By the same Author. Two Vols. 9s.

Bacon's Essays; with the Colours of Good and Evil. With the References and Notes, by T. MARKBY, M.A. 1s. 6d.

Bacon's Advancement of Learning. Revised, with References and Notes, by T. MARKBY, M.A. 2s.

Principles of Imitative Art. By GEORGE BUTLER, M.A. 6s.

Butler's Sermons on Human Nature. With Preface by Dr. WHEWELL. 3s. 6d.

Butler's Sermons on Moral Subjects. With Preface by Dr. WHEWELL. 3s. 6d.

History of the Inductive Sciences. By W. WHEWELL, D.D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. Three Volumes. 24s.

By the same Author.

History of Scientific Ideas; being the First Part of the Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences. Two Volumes. Small octavo. 14s.

Novum Organon Renovatum: being the Second Part of the Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences. 7s.

Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences. Two Volumes. 8vo. 30s.

Indications of the Creator—Extracts from History and Philosophy of Inductive Sciences. 5s. 6d.

Elements of Morality. Two Volumes. 15s.

Lectures on History of Moral Philosophy in England. 8s.

Lectures on Systematic Morality. 7s. 6d.

Notes on German Churches. 12s.

On the Credibility of the Early Roman History. By the Right Hon. Sir G. C. LEWIS, Bart., M.P. Two Vols. 30s.

By the same Author.

On the Methods of Observation and Reasoning in Politics. Two Vols. 28s.

On the Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion. 10s. 6d.

On the Use and Abuse of certain Political Terms. 9s. 6d.

Lectures on the Characters of our Lord's Apostles. 3s. 6d.

Scripture Revelations respecting a Future State. 5s.

Scripture Revelations respecting Good and Evil Angels. 3s. 6d.

By the Bishop of OXFORD.

Sermons, Preached and Published on several occasions. 10s. 6d.

Six Sermons preached before the University. 4s. 6d.

History of the Church of England. By the Bishop of St. Asaph. 10s. 6d.

Burnet's History of the Reformation, abridged. Edited by Dr. CORRIE. 10s. 6d.

History of the English Reformation. By F. C. MASSINGBERD, M.A. 6s.

Elizabethan Religious History. By H. SOAMES, M.A. Octavo. 16s.

History of the Anglo-Saxon Church. By H. SOAMES, M.A. 7s. 6d.

History of the Christian Church. By Professor BURTON. 5s.

The Early Christians. By W. PRIDDEN, M.A. 2s. 6d.

Outlines of Sacred History. 2s. 6d.

Outlines of Ecclesiastical History; Before the Reformation. By W. H. HOARE, M.A. 2s. 6d.

Bible Maps; with copious Index. By W. HUGHES. Coloured. 5s.

The Three Treacherous Dealers: An Illustration of the Church Catechism. By J. W. DONALDSON, D.D. 2s. 6d.

Civil History of the Jews. By O. COCKAYNE, M.A. 4s. 6d.

Garrick's Mode of Reading the Liturgy. With Notes, and a Discourse on Public Reading, by R. CULL. 5s. 6d.

The Four Gospels in one Narrative. Arranged by Two Friends. 4s. 6d.

ESSAYS

By the Archbishop of DUBLIN.

On Peculiarities of the Christian Religion. 7s. 6d.

On Difficulties in the Writings of the Apostle Paul. 8s.

On Errors of Romanism. 7s. 6d.

On Dangers to Christian Faith from the Teaching or the Conduct of its Professors. 7s. 6d.

The Scripture Doctrine concerning the Sacraments. By the Archbishop of Dublin. 2s. 6d.

Cautions for the Times. Edited by the Archbishop of Dublin. 7s.

English Synonyms. Edited by the Archbishop of Dublin. 3s.

By R. CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D., Dean of Westminster.

On the Authorized Version of the New Testament, in connexion with some recent Proposals for its Revision.

Notes on the Parables. 12s.

Notes on the Miracles. 12s.

Five Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge. 2s. 6d.

Hulsean Lectures. 5s.

St. Augustine's Exposition of the Sermon on the Mount. With an Essay on St. Augustine as an Interpreter of Scripture. 7s. The Essay separately, 3s. 6d.

Synonyms of the New Testament. 5s.

On Deficiencies in English Dictionaries. 2s.

English, Past and Present. 4s.

Proverbs and their Lessons. 3s.

On the Study of Words. 3s. 6d.

Sacred Latin Poetry. With Notes and Introduction. 7s.